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THE EUROPEAN SITUATION

Albrecht
BY
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DIRECTOR OF INSTITUTE OF FOREIGN POLICY AT HAMBURG

NEW HAVEN
PUBLISHED FOR THE INSTITUTE OF POLITICS
BY THE YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON • HUMPHREY MILFORD • OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
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PREFACE

It is always a somewhat dangerous proceeding to perpetuate the spoken words of a lecture in print, and in writing these prefatory remarks I am very much alive to this danger. I can never hope to find readers as kind as the audiences in Williamstown were, and if my lectures have any merit I know very well that they owe it to the inspiration which comes to a public speaker from a true communion of spirit between him and his hearers. But if I have every reason to be diffident about the publication of these lectures I feel nevertheless very much indebted to the Williamstown authorities for their decision to publish them, because all their faults and weaknesses cannot count for much compared with the immense importance of their subject. Of Europe, in the sense in which I tried to conceive it in these lectures, I am tempted to use Swift's famous phrase in the first of his Drapier's letters: "What I intend now to say to you is, next to your duty to God and the care of your salvation, of the greatest concern to yourselves and your children"—namely, to think of the other parts of the world not in terms of economic and financial obligations and dependencies, but in terms of that highest relation between man and man, and between nation and nation, which, in our common tradition of Greek and Roman state-law, we call by the name of Politics.

We owe much in Europe, and perhaps most of all in my own country, to those citizens of the United States who formed and advocated a plan of peace reconstruction, and we felt their application of

sound economics to be a wholesome remedy for the political disease of war. If I may speak of myself, it has been a great experience for me, as a lawyer and a politician, to sit as a member of the Arbitral Tribunal at The Hague to which the interpretation of the Dawes Plan has been entrusted, with a citizen of the United States as our honoured president. But these are measures of expediency for a transition period. To make the world safe for peace we need a deeper knowledge of the other nations' body and soul, of their thoughts and of their dreams even, than commercial intercourse, even at its highest standard of probity, can give us. And though I cannot claim to give such knowledge I would at least hope to make my readers long for it.

I owe the warmest thanks for help to a great many of the members of this year's Institute of Politics, but I would like to acknowledge my special obligation for helpful advice given to me by Commander Koehler, Mr. Norman Hapgood, and Mr. Herbert Brune.

A. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

*Ohlstedt near Hamburg,
December 25, 1926.*

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION

CHAPTER I

EUROPE AS AN ENTITY

It seems necessary from time to time for the mental health of human beings that they be shocked out of their conventional ideas by some startling event. It forces them out of the routine which deadens life. It tells them that they will have to take stock of their business and to write off what is only paper value. Of course they do not like this at all. Nobody likes to be told that he is not quite in his best form. And one might almost say that we distinguish these spiritual warnings from other big events in mankind's history, from wars and great treaties, from general strikes and currency collapses, by the way in which people do *not* speak of them—as if it were bad manners to have noticed the writing on the wall.

Such a warning event we of the old world had, I believe, a few years ago when the United States went about to change her immigration quota. To most of us it came very suddenly. The poor devils for whom it really mattered—sitting in the emigrants' slum quarters of some European port—they were of course speechless, mutes of misery. The newspapers of this or that country whose quota was palpably reduced got into fits of theatrical anger and damned your administration—I think there were some of them who would have liked to burn every discoverer

of America in effigy in the biggest bonfire on the grandest old squares of the world. Then the press of another country whose immigrants' quota was left undiminished under the new ordinance, had no choice but to feel an unholy pride in their nationals being thus privileged by order of the Immigration Department and to amuse itself with a bit of dancing on their neighbors' toes. But when all this petty fuss was over and the hard facts remained, people began to know in their subconscious mind that something more than a rearrangement of migration ways and statistics, and something very much more than a diplomatic tangle in the Mussolini style had happened. Europe, which had, in this immigration business more than in anything else, believed herself to be an undisputed and undisputable entity—Europe, which, paradoxical though it may seem, had even in the great war felt herself to be the one center of the world's history, an entity of battlefield if nothing better was to be found: this same Europe had now to face the reality of a deliberate and well-calculated differentiation between one group of her countries and another. This was a more serious matter than all the World Empire Conferences at Westminster with their "Los von Europa" program. This was another thing than well-meaning Count Koudenhove's Paneuropean idea of a continental league taking its stand against Russia on one side and the British Island Policy on the other side. This was above all no mere talking but doing. And what is more than even the mightiest deeds: it was a bit of truth.

Europe may well have been the common will of men living between Constantinople and the Orkney

Islands or between Gibraltar and Archangel: it never was and never could be a simple reality. Nay, it keeps faith with the name it bears; at its best it is a myth and at its worst it is an allegory, a tissue of thoughts and beliefs, a cloth to whose wonderful coloring and imagery the poets and thinkers of a thousand years have spoken, but a cloth and never a living body. And though I am almost sure of your disappointment at my doing so I shall have to speak first of what I call the conception of Europe and what you might perhaps, in a mood of condescension and in the legitimate pride of your own essentiality, call the mere fiction of Europe. For I repeat it, this Europe is a thing born of the will of man. It is nothing in the way of Heavenly Providence or Ordinance of Nature. It is something we made for ourselves.

“Qui parle Europe a tort”: If a man begins talking Europe, he is in the wrong. That is Bismarck’s saying, one of the marginal notes he used to jot down on the state documents, speaking to himself, thinking aloud as his conscience bade him. Prince Gortshakoff, the Russian Chancellor, had, on the eve of the war against the Turks towards the end of 1876, tried to pin Bismarck down to a new kind of Holy Alliance: The Grand Sultan should be placed under the tutelage of the Christian powers, for the sake of his Christian subjects; and as the greater part of them belonged to the orthodox faith it would be the Czar, the Holy Czar, who would act as their protector. But Gortshakoff was well aware that nobody would take him for a nineteenth century crusader. The Disraeli note was not his. So he came to think of Europe. “La question qu’il s’agit de résoudre,” he wrote on

the second of November, 1876, to Bismarck, “n’est ni allemande ni russe: elle est européenne.”—It is not a German question which we have to solve nor a Russian question alone; it is a European question.

It was at this phrase that Bismarck struck with his blow of a sentence: “qui parle Europe a tort.” We must not take this lightly. Bismarck knew what he was about. If he looked at a thing he usually looked it through and through. And his casual remarks are often his best. Sometimes there is something almost uncanny in his going straight to the core of a thing. When a few years later the Italian Minister in Berlin insisted again and again that an alliance with Germany and Austria be concluded, Bismarck at first refused point-blank. For such an alliance, he said, would easily lead one of its partners to a policy of aggrandizement and aggression which on his own strength alone he would never have dared follow. Italy might claim the support of her allies to establish herself in Northern Africa. Austria might wish to initiate a forward policy in the Balkans in Bosnia and Serbia. And the end would be a great war.

Now, the clairvoyant who said these things and by saying them made the *duodecimo* diplomats sit up and ask how it was possible to carry on their *métier* with such a dreadful old man among them, was certainly no amateur and he was most certainly not what we call a Hans Guckindieluft losing his way on earth by looking at the clouds playing above him or by gazing at the stars. Bismarck’s Foreign Office was, in the years to come, the central office for concluding alliances and forming ententes. But if we take our stand in 1889 when he had doubled his

famous reinsurance treaty with Russia by giving his strongest moral support to the *Entente à trois* between Great Britain, Italy, and Austria, and tried to close up this circle of European mutualities by a public treaty of alliance between Germany and Great Britain, the warning against the dangers of an alliance he gave to the tempter from Italy grows in importance. We know how it worked in his statesman's conscience from the time when he was drawn into the Austro-Italian combine on and on, and drove him to try to produce a remedy out of the poison itself by heaping one alliance and entente on the other till no great power could feel as if it was kept out and every possible *casus fœderis* was neutralized by one or two others. And likewise Bismarck's bitter remark about talking Europe strikes with a greater force than mere words can have if we look at it as a European in the seventies would have looked at it, coming from the man who in those days was in a kind of way Europe. He had grown slowly to be so, out of the Prussian country squire whom the true Junkers of his own class soon began to take for a very suspicious and unreliable character because they scented in his secession war of 1866 the design of a Germany in which Prussia would be a dominant partner, but still a partner only and not a sovereign lord. And in a like way he grew out of the Chancellor of the North German Confederation and later out of the Chancellor of the German Empire itself and made himself the *bête noire* of the G. H. Q. men of his time when he stopped them from entering Vienna in 1866 and objected to the taking of Metz and of Belfort in 1871 and, still more so, when in later years he stood on the supremacy of civil power

in the matter of peace or war and forbade the chiefs of the allied general staffs to make their plans for a common allied war on the ground that such military understanding would be liable to influence politics and to bring about those crises for which, on a precarious supposition of their probability, they were designed. How do we understand this chief of European politics gibing at the mention even of the name of Europe?

It was a custom of his to weave a broad sheet of diplomatic plans out of the thin silky thread of such a remark, and he did so in this case. Seven days after Prince Gortshakoff's appeal for German support of a Russian suzerainty over Turkey had reached him, he dictated detailed instructions to his son, Count Herbert, who was then his Secretary of Foreign Affairs, for an answer to be given to the Russian Chancellor and to his Imperial Master who at the same time and in the same strain had addressed himself to Emperor William: "Both the documents culminate in the endeavor to make Europe out a unified power, a kind of Federated States of Europe whose interests Russia would, in a spirit of heroic sacrifice, be willing to defend, so that it would be our own interest as Europeans to get all the other nations of Europe not only to believe in the disinterestedness of Russia but also to confirm the Russian designs by a European mandate. In my opinion our next and quite unavoidable task consists in firmly taking our stand against this fiction which I hold to be as detrimental to us as it is untrue. It may be that this is the only point on which we shall have to dissent from Russian policy. As regards the Near Orient and Russia's relations to her chief

rivals there, Austria and England, this dissent may be merely of theoretical importance, but it is eminently practical for ourselves. For I have always found the word 'Europe' ready on the lips of those politicians who would ask another Power to do something which they did not dare to ask for in their own name. It was so with the Western Powers in the Crimean War and in the Polish question of 1863, it was the same with Thiers in the autumn of 1870 and with Count Beust, when he saw that his plans of an anti-German coalition had miscarried and his disappointment found expression in a sorrowful: '*je ne vois plus l'Europe*'—I cannot see Europe any more. In the present case Russia and England are, alternately, trying to make us draw the vehicle of their policy by persuading us of our Europeanism—they well know that, Germans that we are, we would have no earthly reason for such service."

Now you may say that this does not help us very much further inasmuch as it is, on first sight, nothing more than a declaration for blunt speaking in politics, calling a spade a spade, or, for that matter, a German a German and not a European, and doing away with hypocritical professions of a "*Europe une et seule*," a catholic Europe in the original sense of this much abused word. But if you look more closely there is a deeper meaning. You note then what a part the map of Europe is playing in the reasoning; in Bismarck's retrospect of the men who talked Europe to him during the last ten or twenty years of his life, it is first the western combined powers trying to put Prussia up against the Czar, first in the Crimean business and then on the pretext of helping Poland. Then England breaks away and

tries a bit of splendid isolation. In 1870 it is France who is alone. But then this fashion of Europism goes east; in 1875 it is Austria, the "black and yellow" Austria of Count Beust and of the Archduke Albrecht, which makes a first and rather feeble effort at *Einkreisung* and labels it European, and finally, in 1876, Russia gets infected with it, and Gortshakoff would, in the name of Europe again, like to have his revenge on Palmerston and Guizot and to take Constantinople for Sebastopol. And this really remarkable route of migration of the European idea was, I think, in Bismarck's mind, when, in another marginal note to Gortshakoff's letter, he denied all political reality to the conception of Europe. "L'Europe . . . purement une notion géographique."

And at this point we may well leave him to his own time and take his word as a text of apocryphal origin for our own meditations. For if it were true that it was a notion of the map designers which out of Apollodor's story of the beautiful princess on the flower-starred meadows of Phœnicia, and of the big white bull carrying her away through the blue Ægean Sea to his own land, created one of the three and then four and lastly five quarters of the globe, then the conception of Europe as a body would, of course, be much more of a reality than if the politicians or some other group of Scribes and Pharisees had invented it to please their own fancies or, more likely, the interests of their patrons. Nay, if the conception of Europe as an entity were really a "notion géographique" we should not dream of saying that it was "no more than that," for it simply could not be more. Created by God if you are capable of belief in a personal act of creation; ordained by Nature's

cogent law, if you like to put it that way: what higher title could Europe have for her status among the elements of the universe? To be one of God's "big five" is, we should think, no small thing.

But then, if you really try to think as your God or as Pan-Nature would have you think, forgetting everything which is man-made, purifying yourselves of all that followed the building of the tower of Babel, wiping away artificial frontiers, and recognizing that man is bound to the soil by ties which no distance-destroying inventions and not even the perfection of flying can ever dissolve—if you do this you will at once perceive that Europe is not a geographical conception, but, on the contrary, an entirely political one, nay, a conception which was formed in self-willed deliberate defiance of Nature's law. A conception formed by the arrogant men of Greece in her days of pride, a conception born of war and diplomacy, a thing not of the spirit of service, but of the spirit of Empire.

Today in our old world the children are born with this sense of Europe as a whole in the innermost places of their dim consciousness: they never have a doubt about it when they learn to use the name. Europe means the northwestern third of the great bloc of this old world; it means the continent as the Atlantic, the straits of Gibraltar, the Mediterranean Sea, the Ægean with its isles, the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, and the Black Sea bound it, but it also means the Caucasus southeast and the Ural mountains east and a small bit of the river called Kara, to Cape Tolstoi on the Baidarata Bay northeast as a frontier against Asia; it also means the great isles of the Northern Sea from Nova Zembla and Franz

Josef Land and Spitzbergen to Iceland, and, well we may say last but not least, to the British Isles.

Now you go to Ellis Island and take a Galician and an Armenian, the man from Sicily and the Levantine from Alexandria, take a vineyard laborer from Cadiz and a peasant from Teneriffe, and then, when they sit around their meal of maize and oranges and macaroni and their black wine, pick the Galician and the Sicilian and the family from Cadiz out of this group and tell them that this is no company for them but that the Galician must share his bed and food with a Samoyed from the European country northeast of Archangel, and the Sicilian should at once form a football team with a few Swedes and Scotchmen who no doubt would like very much to be captained by him, and that the Spaniard would find a nearer friend in a man from Ballycastle, County Antrim, than in his second cousin from the Palm Isles in the Atlantic—and I do not think your conception of Europe as a natural entity would stand this trial quite undamaged!

But you do not need Ellis Island to see all this. Beneath all the manners and forms men have taken upon themselves as a matter of social and political civilization they are still conscious of the destination which the course of a river to the sea gives to the life of the people who dwell on its borders, and who live on the fertility it is giving to the soil, the image, as Ruskin said, of the just man's life: "*Erit tanquam lignum quod plantatum est secus decursus aquarum.*" And thus in Europe the geographical situation of their countries, the very constellation of their existence and the essential character of their com-

munity, bind the Mediterranean countries together, the countries of the rivers flowing south from the Alpine Range, and, by the laws of neighborhood, the Balkan peoples too, and the folk of the Pyrenean Peninsula. How could one believe even for a moment that any calling of names and any conception of continents as separate bodies could make the sea, which is the natural and, by its purity, the holy common heritage of all the peoples living around, a boundary? Out of this sea they had received the goddess of their strongest idea, beauty: Anadyomene. Out of this sea every morning the Sun-god arose with his fiery white horses and into this sea he went down in heavenly splendor when the day's work was done. Over this sea went Helen of Troy, the fair begetter of men's lust and of the love of war. Across this sea Darius and Xerxes came and set the example of vain-glorious imperialism met by the virtue of simple citizenship for many a hundred generations to come. And then Alexander crossed it to die at Babylon, and Hannibal, who had led his fantastic army of elephant tanks and flame-casters round its north-western coast to conquer Rome, fled across it to end his days, an exile in Asia. Mark Antony's course it was when after Actium his admiral's ship sought the lover's way to Egypt, and Cæsar's after him, to Cleopatra. And again on a journey which proved a far greater triumph for the power of human purpose than all the war drives and princely adventures of all the Cæsars and Alexanders—and, for that matter, of the Fredericks and Napoleons of later ages too—across this sea Paul of Tarsus went to preach in the market of Athens and in the suburbs of Rome.

Truly we may say that here is something God has joined and men should not put asunder!

But similarly there is a true family of peoples around the northern seas of our continent. From Cape North to Brittany through Finland, the Baltic States, Poland, Germany, Holland, and Belgium, and again from this northern point to Brittany's Point St. Mathieu through the three Scandinavian countries and by Iceland and the British Isles and the small islands of Normandy looking towards the Atlantic—how well they would be able to play and to work together, and how earnestly and simply they could worship together too if there were no politics and no talking of "Europe"! For it is the law in our old world that men set their faces not towards the mountains but towards the sea. I know I am treading on dangerous ground now. But I am not here to smooth things over; to negotiate a loan from the United States to Europe. I have to state the differences of your American new world humanity from our old world way of life as openly as I shall, with an easier heart, praise the ideals we have in common. I am now speaking of a difference and a very deep-rooted one. For the citizens of the new world, of North America or Australia or South Africa or South America, cannot feel as we do about mountains and sea, about the highlands and lowlands of their country back from the sea. They settled on the coast. Then they went inland and up-country and drove the Indians and the Bushmen and the Negroes back from the ports, back from the fertile plains along the coast to the woods and the hills, and at last, if they proved definitely the weaker race, to nothingness. Such people cannot feel as we in Europe

do. We are the aborigines, or if we are not, we have in two or three thousand years forgotten that our forefathers, too, came seafaring from other continents to the mouth of our rivers and went up those rivers, driving the people who were before them up to the mountains. The earliest memory of our folklore is that we came down from the heights: on Mount Ararat, the Mediterranean legend tells us, stood the cradle of humanity. And my own people living north of the Alps know well that our best stock of physical strength and our best tradition of true freedom as well comes from the Alps where the great river of old Germany has its source. They call the oldest cantons of the Swiss Confederation, the cantons on the northern slope of the St. Gothard's pass on the Reuss and the lake of Lucerne, the Ur-Kantone, and this small syllable of two letters, "Ur," means much more to the subconscious mind of a man of northern Europe than you may find in any dictionary. It means something which has been there from the beginning of all things. But it also means something which, if you lose touch with it, if you should wish to part from it and be your own beginning, would slowly but surely punish you and make you lose your caste. It means the holy spring of innermost life.

And here I would ask you to let me pause a moment before I say something which a German cannot refrain from saying when he speaks of his country in foreign lands. This is not the occasion to criticize the Treaty of Versailles. The confidence which the authorities of your Institute have shown in entrusting me with this year's lectures on the European situation puts the obligation to keep myself free

from partisanship very strongly upon me. But I think, in all fairness to our neighbors on the Rhine, I may say this to all of you who take an interest in the future of European politics: do remember that the old Germany, the *Ur-Deutschland* of which I spoke a moment ago is, broadly speaking, Rhenish-Germany. Here in the south and west and in the western half of northern Germany between Rhine and Elbe dwell the descendants of our old clans, the Alemanni and the Suebians, the Franks and the Frisians. Here in the Upper Alsace of the fifteenth century the German language was formed by a preacher in the Minster of Strassburg, by a chronicle writer in a monastery and by a jester-poet wandering from fair to fair, formed out of a rough and ready peasant's dialect into the wonderfully rich and well-tuned instrument which Martin Luther and Hans Sachs and after them Leibnitz and Kant and Goethe himself were given to play on. Here in Speyer and Worms, in Frankfurt and Mainz, they used to hold their diets in the old Empire, to choose their kings and to crown them in the Römer. Here in the new age since the French revolution we have learnt the lesson of a new civic pride the humblest may take in a state which is theirs and not only their lords' or their priests'. Here it is that Germany feels herself one of the family of nations among whom the heritage of Charlemagne has been divided.

But to this western Germany there is an eastern one; dark and sullen compared to the fair and lusty one on the Rhine. A Germany of landlords and serfs to this day, a country of great wealth and of still greater poverty; hard-living illiterate people with a strong Slav strain—due exception made herein for

the old Hansa-towns of Danzig and Königsberg—stern and severe to the easy-going and, we cannot deny it, very wet folk in the west, and the more so since in our war of liberation from Napoleon's yoke they in the east had stood up for freedom while the princelings of western and southern Germany had sold their subjects' lives and their own honor to the enemy for a grand duke's title or a kingship.

Now, what I want to say to you with the strongest words I can find for a strong conviction is this: that every inch of territory and every living soul you take away from Germany in the west, on the Rhine, means not only that Germany is made so much poorer and smaller and more difficult to live in—things you might well have fully intended to happen to your enemy—but it means that the Germany which remains and still holds the central position in Europe and therefore one of the central positions in the world is changed to the very core, the balance between its old stock of true German clans in the west and the eastern Germans being destroyed to the loss of the former and, as I think, to the world's loss too. For in this eastern Germany there will remain much of the energy and all the discipline of old, the spirit of never-give-in, the thrift, the loyalty to their leader, and the grim determination to retain the old superiority of ruling class over the pullulating mass of the Slavs. It will be, to speak in the terms of La Fontaine's fable all *fourmi* and no *cigale* in this Germany east of the Elbe. Life will be a very stern affair. And though you may well say that after the war hard work is Europe's need and stern relentless purpose in man to do this work, I would ask you, when you have given this verdict of justice, for a

thought of grace also. We cannot live on the bread of such work alone. We need more than ever hopefulness which makes the heart glad. We need the mood of life which, as John Ruskin reminded you in his wonderful children's lecture on the Bible of Amiens, gave our forefathers on the Middle Rhine the very name of their tribe, the name of a truly German nation which is now by the right of many glorious deeds done under its symbol the name of France: frankness. The source for all Franchise for this, our Europe, your great English seer calls it, and he adds: you have the word in England, before now, but English word for it there is none! Honesty we have of our own but frankness we must learn of these: "nay, all the western nations of us are in a few centuries more to be known by this name of Frank."

And this is where public opinion in the United States comes in. I do not think of loans now or remittance of debts or even of alms you might give to Europe, though it is obvious that a nation which, of its own free will, elected to decide the issue of a European war cannot hold back now when the loss of the war has to be made up. I should be the last man to forget the wonderful help your country *has* given to suffering Europe in the work of the Society of Friends and in General Allen's Relief Fund, in the Carnegie Endowment's and the Spelman-Rockefeller Foundation's support for scientific studies and in many other ways; but the United States should mean more to Europe, and they do, in fact, mean more than a great country from which material help may be forthcoming or, in the other case, be withheld. Public opinion in the United

States is the mirror in which Europe is trying to see itself, and no one who has not himself lived through these post-war years in Europe can possibly know what this means for us. Our face has been distorted by hatred and utter despair; it is the face of a man who has seen black death standing at the foot of his bed and is now for the first time timidly asking his looking-glass if he may consort with his fellow-beings again.

And this is his appeal to you: keep the mirror of your judgment on Europe clean—and you will do more for us than, as far as history goes, one country has ever done for another. Let this mirror punish every lie and every bit of make-up. But let it invite frankness.

CHAPTER II

POLITICS VERSUS GEOGRAPHY

IF I am right in assuming that man's destiny in the old world commands him to follow the course of its great rivers, to set his face towards the sea into which the life of his country streams down from the mountains and hills, in a thousand channels of fertile activities—to meet the men of the neighboring peoples on the great highway of the waters where from time immemorial all that is strongest and best in man has come out in deeds of free courage and devotion of service; if I am right therefore in saying that the true neighborhood is between Saloniki and Smyrna, Phœnicia and Greece, Rome and Alexandria; and is again to be found between Cherbourg and Cork, between the mouth of the Thames and the great seaports on our own coast from Antwerp to Hamburg and between the gates of Stockholm and Helsingfors and Riga, you will have a very pertinent question to ask me: How is it that you may speak to hundreds and thousands of good citizens of the old world, traveling through it wherever railways and air transport may carry you, and never hear even one among the thousands speak of all this? Politicians and economists, business men and soldiers, scientists and churchmen, and let us not forget those who should perhaps know most about it: the leisured gentlemen who live as they please, unbound by any tie of commercial interest or professional duty—each and every one of them will tell you that the professor's theory about mountains and river

courses and indeed about several Europes instead of one only is sheer nonsense and that they never heard of it; neither was it quoted on the stock exchange nor did they know it in the bureaus of the general staffs where the plans for the next war were kept up to date and where they knew, of course, absolutely everything and something more. Was it a hoax then? Or did the man who believed in it live on the moon? Now to the historian and especially to one who is interested in that most fascinating chapter of retrospective analysis which my friend, Professor James Shotwell, calls the "History of History," this is a very interesting case. It is an instance of the thoroughness with which—in defiance of old Horace's famous saying about Nature driven out with a big pitchfork and quickly returning by a back door,—man can bring himself to cast off his inborn qualities and lose his strongest instincts simply by calling a thing with a high-sounding name, and then setting his scribes to write this name on every spare bit of stone or parchment, of wooden post or waste paper they can get hold of. Thus in calling themselves Europeans, the men of the old world forbade themselves to follow their instinct as the climate of their soil, their bodily abilities, and the primeval necessities of human intercourse had formed it. They wished to show that heaven, earth, and the sea were, great as God has made them, as nothing compared with an idea they got into their heads.

And mark you, it was a political idea, not a moral or religious and far less a philosophical conception, which brought this change about. It was the sovereign states' much more than their people's doing,

and imperialism stood sponsor to the christening of this child of their ambitions. Roman imperialism first, saturated with everything the Mediterranean orbit could offer on its shrine, taking the shore of the Black Sea for a place of exile to send unruly poets and philosophers into the wilderness, and feeding its mercenaries on the peasants' fields of southern France and the vineyards of Spain and North Africa, Roman imperialism which, not content with its task of hardening the lazy peoples of the south to a new conception of the citizen's duty to the State, went north, overriding the heights from where their own rivers and the rivers of the conquered sprang, from the Rhone to the Rhine, to northern France, to England even. It could not last, and it did not. In the end it proved only an invitation to the barbarians to do likewise and to fight for the bloody crowns of foreign lands instead of ploughing their fields and chasing the boars and the aurochs in their forests. But these two hundred years were enough to sink the lust of imperialism deep into the minds of men, and from those times of Roman grandeur and decadence down to our own replica of these two elements of human history there is a constant succession of all the great states of the old world trying to build their sovereign power on this political conception of a Europe self-contained between the Mediterranean and Ægean and Black Sea and the northern confines of the earth, between the Atlantic Ocean and the Ural Mountains, and separated from Asia and from Africa. Even while they were building the towers of Babel of their state sovereignty higher and higher up into the clouds and were willing at every moment to fall on each other and pull down

the neighbor's tower by a few ranges of bricks, they all of them firmly held to the superstition that in this Europe of theirs with all its mighty kings and marvelous cities and with its *duces* and *conquistadores* there could only be one Emperor, he of the Holy Roman Empire. He never had any real power, not even in his own court. But for his semblance of power, for the Emperor-idea of Europe, they all slaved and went to war till their strength gave way and others took their stand in their place. Take a state so undoubtedly political in its origin and its whole machinery of administration as was old Austria-Hungary, the Hapsburg Monarchy; a state of princely marriages and the heritages won out of the misery of neglected wives and half-witted children; a state of diplomatic intrigue and red-tapism; a state which was proverbial for losing every war it had begun and for winning back every inch of its lost territories and something more by the astute bargaining of secret treaties and alliances—this Austria-Hungary was one of the states which, by its existence and in very self-support, had to forbid its citizens even to think of the differences nature had decreed over their human life. They must not know, to be loyal subjects of the double-headed eagle, that the Danube flows to another sea than does the Moldava or the Elbe, the Silesian Oder or the Vistula—and so strong was this obsession of the political idea of its unity, in a state whose very weaknesses seemed to make it live on, that even today, after the violent disruption and mutilation of every part of its old trembling body, there are enough antique state councilors left who will tell you that the only legitimate way for Czechoslovak goods to

find their way to the high seas is by Vienna, climbing over the Austrian Alps, bordering Serbia, to Trieste and then through the Adriatic and the Mediterranean and the Straits of Gibraltar to the Atlantic, for the reason that Trieste was the old Austro-Hungarian seaport and Bohemia was a province of Austria.

But when I consider this centralizing power, or perhaps I should better say cementing power of the European idea, I have to think of a far stronger and better instance than Austria-Hungary. It is with a new respect and with the gratitude due to an example of uprightness and equanimity that the great nations, enemies in the war though they have been, think in common of the Swiss Confederation, the union which, when all the alliances and ententes changed and broke, stood the formidable test of this war without a break. I need not speak of this at length. A greater man, and one whose memory is dear to the Williamstown Institute, has done it. The praise Lord Bryce has given to the civic virtue of the Swiss people holds true of their policy in the community of nations, and we may well say that you can know a good European by the sincerity with which he acknowledges the lead of Switzerland towards a true national brotherhood between men of different race and language and temperament, men, too, whose love of freedom and independence is proverbial. As long as this Swiss Bund is standing we need not despair of peace and good will in our part of the world. And last, but not least, we have to think of France if we think of Europe as an entity. It was in France, the France of kingly glory, the France of Louis Quatorze and Louis Quinze, Richelieu's

France, and Condé's, the France of La Ville Lumière, that the centralizing force of this European idea had its triumph over the hard and sober facts of the geographical situation. For France, above all other countries, would have to choose between looking north or south, towards Lyon and Toulouse or towards Cherbourg and Le Havre and Calais. But France chose to be one. When they pay their homage to the maid of Orléans the French people mean more than a few deeds of bravery and a martyr's death at the hands of a foe without mercy. Jeanne d'Arc led them back over the Loire, south of which their king had fled with his Court. A northern France, united with Burgundy and the Netherlands, and closely bound to the northern neighbor across the channel under the British flag and, separated from it, looking south, a kingdom of Provence and Touraine, cousins to Spain and Sicily,—that is what would have happened, if the soldier-girl had not heard the voices of her Saints. Little she knew that it was for Europe she led the assault on Orléans and suffered her fate, when the Islanders—most certainly and deliberately not Europeans at this time—caught her. There was no more doubt now about the capital of France. They might forget everything else, even the poor thing bound to the stake and the enemy's fire eating her, but they would stand by Paris and be a nation. And they would go on, breaking up the parliaments of their provinces, administering south and north, east and west, from a governmental office in the capital, absorbing without a sign of indigestion the greatest individual will which ever came out of a backwoods country to dominate during his lifetime every being and every thing he

came in contact with. Even Bonaparte, with all his truly Italian sense of realities and his unerring judgment on the actual value, or perhaps I had better say the actual price anything was worth,—even he had to accept this common fiction of a Europe stretching from Saragossa to Moscow, with battle-field on battlefield dotted all over its wide map, but also, if you would continue the Roman tradition, with roads to be built from land's end to land's end, a great area of government.

Now you will perhaps tell me that this is all very well, but that you will not believe, knowing something about politics as citizens of a great democracy should, that all this could be the work of the politician alone. And in this you will be quite right. The politician had his helpmates. Christendom helped him; his was a holy purpose, as it seemed. Learning helped him; he had the humanists' blessing for the wisdom and justice of his aims. And when irreverent doubt deprecated both holiness and virtue he found the strongest helper of all in commerce.

You are, as Americans, proud of your history. It is the envy of many historians and statesmen in our part of the world to look at this pride and to know that it is a just one. For it springs from your people being able to believe that the great watchword of these two hundred years of the building up of the United States has been helpfulness and confidence. Never has a man who had a leader's qualities and who gave a clear, clean lead failed to find the men to lend him a hand, to work with him and for him, and, if need be, to die in the glory of a good cause. And well may we envy you this feeling. History is no fire-side-in-the-evening friend to a citizen of the

old world. There is hardly any one of the great leaders of men in the past of Europe who, as an epitaph to his life's work, has not left us the bitter complaint of treachery and ingratitude, or, worse, of having had to waste the best of his power in the contest with a pettifogging opposition for opposition's sake, or, worst of all, of the imbecility which credits a great man with everything but the one thing he is most in need of: to be believed in his goodness. Take the hero Thomas Carlyle asked you to worship, Frederick the Great, or take Napoleon; or if you are weary of soldiers, even if they were the greatest statesmen of their time, take Napoleon's two great antagonists, William Pitt and our Freiherr vom Stein; take Metternich, who held the destinies of the continental peoples in his hands and felt himself sure of his way under God's special guidance, and who fled, a broken man, to exile in the country which he had hated for its impious Liberalism; take Castlereagh's violent death and the raging tempest of Palmerston; take Cecil Rhodes, in the bitterness of his last years after the Jameson Raid had failed and his dream of a brotherhood of the British and German and Scandinavian peoples seemed to have become a mockery and a delusion; take Bismarck,—and you need not take him in his old age, driven out of the power he had created, and in the bitterness of his heart seeing his life's work broken,—you may take him in the prime of his power, the Iron Chancellor as they called him, to whose every word the world listened with bated breath; it was in these years of crowning success that his secretaries of state betrayed him; it was when he put the imperial crown on their chief's head

that the Hohenzollern nickname for him was "the wicked man" and that the consort of the Crown Prince did her best to discredit every action of his and every word he said to her mother, the Queen of England, and to the British Embassy at Berlin. The Queen's letters, a wonderful store of old-time diplomacy, show him thus: a grim figure of almost plebeian disregard of the Court's manners and mannerisms, a mighty hater of women's influence on the political counsels of their husbands, the bugbear of all the twenty-eight German princes and their princesses and their Bourbon and Orleans and Tuscan and Augustenburg relations, carrying on their old monarch's play in the watering places and shooting boxes of patient Europe, and of all their chamberlains and ladies of the bedchamber—and from the letters of the Queen, who was a very strong-willed personality as well as the symbol of the greatest Empire of her time, we also learn how it needed the fantastic influence of Benjamin Disraeli, who alone among all the Granvilles and Derbys and Stanleys knew a great man when he saw him, to give Queen Victoria a truer reading of Bismarck's character.

It is thus that we remember the life of our great men. We have, in our own treasure of the great musicians' work, one supreme glory, Bach's Passion according to St. Matthew. At Easter time we go into the great old churches, to Bach's own Thomas-Kirche in Leipzig, if we can, to hear it and truly to receive the sacrament of its pure and simple truth. But when we come to the great trial and hear the raging populace crying out their "Barabbas" and their "Crucify Him"; and again, in the silent

courtyard of the high priest's house at night, we live through Peter's denying the Lord not once but thrice and with him hear the cock crow, then we know that we have, all of us, in our small way but none the less truly, been put to such a trial and have failed again and again to live up to our duty of being true to our leaders. There is more renouncing the Lord in our history than of honoring him.

One of our great poets has seen it thus. He sings of the old bridge over the Reuss where the road went in past times over the Gothard Pass from the northern countries to Italy, a deserted road nowadays, when you travel through the big tunnel from Göschenen to Airolo. The high stone arch of the bridge still spans the ravine the wild mountain-water has torn into the rocks, but the stones are slowly decaying and moss and fern grow on the path.

Dein Bogen, grauer Zeit entstammt,
Steht manch Jahrhundert ausser Amt
Ein neuer Bau ragt über Dir—:
Dort fahren sie! Du feierst hier.

And to the lonesome traveler who, in a romantic mood, tries to find the old way, the ghosts of all the caravans appear which have gone before him; the emperors, proudly or wearily striding along, to have it out with pretentious papacy or to do penitence at Canossa Castle, the merchants and the lansquenets, the pilgrim and the fugitive, whom a father's curse or his village's ban has driven from his home; and in their shadow's pageant the poet comes to recognize the nothingness of human life:

Vorbei, vorüber ohne Spur!
Du fielest heim an die Natur,
Die dich umwildert, dich umgrünt,
Vom Tritt des Menschen dich entsühnt.

Past, and done with, and no vestige of their steps remaining—but it is well so: for now the stones of the old bridge have returned to the mother earth, from whose suffering body they were hewn. And out of the earth a new wilderness of green fertility is growing up, creeping over the masons' work till it is Paradise again, guiltless and pure, cleansed from even the memory of man's step—Paradise which is "überall wo der Mensch nicht hinkommt mit seiner Qual."

But when all this has been told and stock is taken with every possible accountant's care of our old-world way of despairing of ourselves as soon as the mirror of history is taken into use, there is one thing which is to be written down on the opposite leaf of our book of debits and credits. For again and again, out of all this sinfulness and futile combativeness of our two thousand years of European history, men have risen to a great common effort of creating a force of unity, of looking out for a common ideal which in the triumphal march of its realization would lead, like chained captives, the egoism, the self-seeking interest, the envy and hatred of every single nation. Then, in a golden age, *gemeiner Nutz*, as Hans Sachs said, would be the guiding law, and *Eigennutz* would have disappeared—a commonwealth of good will growing, like nature's own blessing of trees and flowers and grass, the healthy verdure over the stonework of the poet's bridge, over the hard and dry constructions of state sovereignty.

Thus, in the early Middle Ages, Holy Europe tried to build its dome; thus humanism in the Renaissance sought for a *universitas litterarum*, a standard of spiritual attainment to which the good and true men of all countries should aspire; thus, in our own times, realism has found, or believes it has found, the laws of interdependence between the economic welfare of sovereign states, and it asks us still, in spite of war and war debts, to do away with frontiers and to acknowledge that your neighbor's profit and his rise in life will, in the long run, mean your own; as certainly as his loss, even if you yourself, in the heat of a contest, have made him suffer it, means, in a good many ways, either openly or else through hidden subways of international finance, your own loss. And do not let us despise those efforts. There were difficulties enough in their way. Holy Europe had to raise itself out of an abyss of brutal heathenish superstition, to which the barbarian wars with their rank nationalism and the strife between emperor and pope had brought it; men had to be taught chivalry and, by the ennobling presence of women at their courts, the honorable life of a *gentilhomme* as well as the Christian virtues of a citizen of the *civitas dei*. Again when humanism sought to establish the true spiritual *universitas* of learning its disciples went forth into a world which would prefer the necromancer's art and the charlatan's recipes to any counsel of wisdom, and would believe in any witches' tale rather than recognize that there is a measure in all things. But they faced their task, those saintly soldiers of a new age, monks and professors, and they succeeded. For never before their time and nowhere else in the history of the universe had men

seen what they taught us to see and what will forever be the glory of this Europe since St. Francis' and Dante's and again since Calvin's and Shakespeare's and John Sebastian Bach's time; this awakening of the soul in millions and millions of men, this quickening of conscience to the truth, this great triumph of mind over matter.

But let us neither underrate the difficulties of our own age's endeavors to continue their work. It is not the fashion nowadays to speak well of the school of economics which we still like to call the Manchester School, in honor of John Stuart Mill's and Cobden's memory. But though it is easy to see today in the light of our experiences since 1914 the fallacy of their doctrine in more than one essential point, we should not forget what they have given us, and much the poorer would humanity be if it lost hold of the sound moral of their stand for *laissez faire*. The honest merchant when you have found him is a great figure amongst men. Honesty in fulfilling his own obligations, and honesty as well in dealing with a debtor; honesty in weight and measure of everything bought and sold; and honesty in the judging of the worth of things—how can we attain it after all but by believing, in spite of the everyday statistics to the contrary, in man's innate probity and in the soundness of our proverb of “Ehrlich währt am längsten”?

If I were called upon to pay homage to one deed of statesmanship in the post-war world, and this a deed due to the very character of the man who did it, I should without a moment's hesitation choose Mr. Stanley Baldwin and the agreement about the war debt to the United States. He certainly is no Free

Trader, whom an economic doctrine led to do what he did. But he felt that what the world needed was restoring confidence in a man keeping faith. He gave a great lead to Europe and I think it is up to anyone who likes not only to call himself but to be a good European to follow him in it. I know that this is not a popular view just now in Europe. But so did he know that it was not a popular thing to do and I should like us in Europe to travel the narrow path with him. And to those who say that it will not do in practical politics to set the goal too far and high, I would again answer with a quotation from the man who from a teacher of truth and beauty in art became a teacher of truth and virtue in man's life, a quotation from what I think is the greatest European book of the last hundred years: "Only be clear about what is finally right whether you can do it or not and every day you will be more and more able to do it if you try." Now you need not be a man who owes money to another to see the truth of this rule. Paying your debts is by no means a mere question of so many dollars or pounds sterling. When Utopia has got rid of the last coin of Capitalism and of every overdrawn banking account, men will still incur debts and will have to pay those debts. They will be born into a debt to their mothers taking them the best part of their lives to pay. They will fight, but they will also have to let others fight for them; and where is the man so utterly destitute of honorable feeling that he should not be willing to own the debt to those who laid their lives down for their country believing in its good and true cause?

It will not do for the fulfillment of their claim to do lip service to the heroism of war. They will not

be content with promissory notes on our common debt to them. They ask us to pay it by trying our best to do for their children in every country in the world what pre-war politics have not done for them, either here or there. Are we trying to pay our debt?

We can in the old world at least say this much for ourselves that after the war a very thorough searching of hearts has set in. A great deal of it is, I believe, quite sincere. There is a difference, of course, between the allied countries and the central European powers. Destiny, in its inevitable will to keep the balances even, takes its revenge on the conquering hero when he fires his salutes and dances his victory balls; he is, in his satisfaction of having won, intrinsically the weaker of the two. Defeat is a great stimulant—there is no gainsaying this for one who has lived through the last ten years in the middle of Europe. Few men would have dared to say or even to think of it in 1919, but many see it now. It has been well. And if we had to work without food and without relay, if we had to walk through the mud up to our necks, if everything we had counted on as a true standard measure of worth and value went to pieces without any earthly hope of repair, it was only right for us, man for man in the people, to face this. For our soldiers had done it in the trenches for four long years. And even if we do not count the constant presence of death at their work as an aggravation, they were at a harder task than we, in the worst aftermath of the war, ever had to fulfill. For war was, the longer its duration the more so, a going down, down, down, none of them knew how much farther down they still would have to go and still keep the flag of gallantry flying—while in 1919

and 1920 we pretty well knew that the depth of the well had been reached and that moving meant going up. If I am not mistaken, there will be blessing out of the curse of war.

Searching of heart there certainly was, and that is a good thing in itself. We call it "in sich gehen," going into yourself; and it did us no harm to do this after a good many pre-war years of going very much outside ourselves and making *Weltpolitik*. There are now four or five series of Foreign Office Documents going to be published or in course of publication in the great countries: Austria, Russia, Germany, Great Britain, and there is hardly a doubt about France having to follow suit. I can speak with some inside knowledge of our German publication. In the late summer, 1919, the German government passed a cabinet resolution to the effect that the secret archives of the Foreign Office should be laid open to research, a small committee of independent men should be entrusted with this task, and every document found by them to have any real importance in bearing upon the remotest origin of the war should be published. They went first to the men who had signed the Memorandum on Responsibility for the war at Versailles, when the German Peace Delegation was called upon to answer the Allied representatives' indictment of Germany having deliberately, against a peaceful world, planned a war of aggression, and then, thinking the moment a propitious one, having created incident on incident and finally engineered a case for war out of the Serejevo murders. Of those four men of the Versailles memorandum Max Weber, the strongest amongst us, was ill and dying; Hans Delbrück declined; Count

Max Montgelas, who is the greatest authority on the history of the last days before the war, was occupied with sifting and editing the separate collection of documents relating to the days between the Archduke Franz Ferdinand's death and the outbreak of the war. Thus the responsibility was mine and I had to accept it, though it meant going away from my own university work to Berlin, post-war Berlin, in the throes of political faction, and in the *déroute* of beginning inflation. Editorial work began in the first months of 1920, and with Dr. Friedrich Thimme as chief editor in the later years it was carried on till June of this year 1926, when the manuscript of the last chapters, giving the story of the last peaceful exchanges of views between London and Berlin on the Bagdad Railway arrangement, June and July, 1914, was handed in to the printers. Early this winter the whole series will be published, fifty-four volumes with well over fifteen thousand documents, telling of pre-war diplomacy in its great times from the Peace of Frankfurt to the days of Serajevo; forty-three years of the great game, to quote a presidential message of 1918, "the great game, now forever discredited, of the balance of power."

It was an experiment. Sitting in a small, rather dingy back room at the Foreign Office archives with from twenty to fifty volumes of filed documents, secret, most secret and secretissima, piled on chairs and sometimes on the floor also, around us, we felt sometimes rather like a small insect working on a tiny, tiny little slit in the bark of a big, big tree; but the small creature's steady bite into the wood might be the undoing of all the mightily spread splendor of foliage and fruit-laden boughs. For the rule of

secrecy seemed a matter of life and death to diplomacy as the old world understood it. Not only secrecy in order to give the responsible men time to think a thing out, undisturbed by newspaper cries and demagogues' stunting, but the secrecy of irresponsible letter-writing, too, of diplomatic reports which as their writer knew were under no circumstances to be shown to the minister of the foreign countries about whose sayings and doings they professed to tell the truth. And, above all, the secrecy of the archives themselves, sealed by the strongest of seals, that of an unwritten law of good manners, for the number of years necessary to let the secret-mongers and even their next-of-kin die in honorable peace, ere the historian would be allowed to open them. How well they knew when this rule was made that men will judge their parents with a severity bearing on cruelty and that they will find the nicest explanations for everything their grandfathers have done! But now there was no romantic charm of long, long ago, and no quaintness of costume laces and flounces; it was the cold light of yesterday or the day before, making men look as if they came from a night's reveling out into the first twilight in a deserted street of the great city politic where we had to see our own generation's doings, and the doings of the generation before. And that is why I tried to point out to you the general character of the times we lived in during all those years: if it had not been so desperate a plight we could not have summoned our courage to face this task. But it was not a time to beget pleasurable entertainments nor could we stand on points of ceremonial or etiquette. We were in the rough.

The task was overwhelming if you looked at the material side of it. For every one of those fifteen thousand documents we had, of course, to go through many others which proved unimportant but could not be recognized as such from the outside. In many cases the documents, if they were important, were filed in two, three or even more different stages of development, draft, corrections made by the Secretary of State, second draft, memorandum of a conversation between the Chancellor and the Foreign Secretary, final draft, one copy with the Emperor's marginal notes, another without them, and so on. And we had, of course, to go through every one of these documents four times at least until the imprimatur was given.

But the responsibility was far more terrible than the work in itself and this on more than one ground. In the first place, nobody knew, of course, exactly, or even approximately, what the secret documents contained, and even the common state documents kept, as a matter of course, under the seal of the office, though not in a strict sense secret, had never been realized in their entirety. In the second place, we had to begin with the publication knowing that we should not be able to stop before it had come to its end, but knowing at the same time that at least for some years to come, and possibly forever, the other great powers would not follow this example and that they might even possibly do the unfair thing and publish a garbled version of their documents to whitewash their policies. In the third place, we knew that even if they made as full a disclosure of their archives as our own collection will prove to be, we should still be at a disadvantage, in as far as, since Queen Vic-

toria's death, there was no monarch or president of another great country who was tempted in the same way as our Emperor was to have every mood of transient emotion, be it anger or admiration, disappointment or enthusiasm, put into a marginal note on the documents his ministers and ambassadors sent in to him. And worse than all this, we knew all along that we should be blamed by friend and foe alike, for the very thing we had to do, if our work was to be honestly done, to present the case as the German archives show it and to restrain ourselves from making use of other sources.

There is no reward for such work, and there is only one justification, the belief in its necessity. And it was the growing firmer and firmer of this belief during our work which enabled us to do it. We have been told that it was not for us to judge of pre-war diplomacy. I will own that our opening the archives and putting the secret documents before the world amounts to a judgment and I know well that there is an element in one man's passing sentence on another man which has been said by all great religious and moral teachers to be a thing which for the sake of their soul men should avoid. But there is another side to it. For it is by giving judgment on others that you definitely and mercilessly pledge yourself, not only to refrain from doing the thing you judge the other man for, but also to help to the utmost of your power to clear away the temptations and opportunities which led him to commit his act. And again, if he sinned through carelessness and ignorance more than from bad intention you will by judging him pledge yourself to take the care he did not and to cure the evil of ignorance. This will from now on be

our duty, just as it is the physician's duty to attend to sickness. And it is this duty we have tried to do by opening our archives.

CHAPTER III

THE GERMAN ARCHIVES

LET me take three arguments which have been put forward against our collection of documents. With the first of these arguments I can deal in a very few words. It is the argument of those expert diplomatists who out of their own experience tell us that the documents filed in the archives of a foreign office are not evidence at all, at least on any really important question, because if they had to tell their foreign office things which really mattered they always sent a private letter to a good friend and patron saint in the foreign office and told him all the whole truth, while the official report they sent in at the same time contained either the time-honored commonplaces about cordial relations with the ally and sinister plans of the other group of powers, or it was made up to please a hobby of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Chancellor, or the Emperor himself.

And may I say, speaking of William the Second, that one of the first things which you have to get rid of if you wish to form a quite sound judgment on pre-war events is the belief in the German Emperor's directing foreign affairs. I hold no brief for the Emperor. I have been brought up as a Republican and I think I may claim an important place on the proscription list of our monarchists, but I am bound in justice to say that William the Second, as the documents show him, was a man who strove for peace as hard as any man of his time did. He strove

so much for peace that the militarists called him a coward and more than once formed plans to depose him. And I would add this, that in the one question where I think the policy of our foreign office was wholly wrong, the question of Germany going into Morocco, the Emperor was from the beginning to the end opposed to this policy, and did his best to smooth over every difficulty between France and Germany arising out of it. And if this may be controversial history, there is absolutely no doubt about the foreign office having had complete control over the question of which documents were to be laid before the Emperor and which were to be kept from him. He never got the reports of the ambassadors directly and in the last years before the war he was often kept in the dark for weeks and months and complained bitterly about it.

Now to go back to the argument I mentioned a few moments ago, I would say that even the biggest lie contains a little bit of truth. And in this case the truth is that at the time when in the German Foreign Office Baron Holstein was in control of foreign policy, he made use of a system of checking some of the ambassadors by asking them to write to him personally as well as to the office. Part of these so-called private letters were filed. Others have been quite legally kept by the men to whom they were addressed, and may possibly have been destroyed. But even then the importance of these private letters was ridiculously small, and I will only ask you in conclusion a question: Would you have any patience with a confidential adviser who told you that you should not have acted on his official letters because he always contradicted them in his correspondence

with your man servant and that the history of your house should be written out of the scraps of paper found in your coal scuttle instead of using your books of account and the diary written in your own hand? I frankly say I have no patience with such an argument.

Far more important is the second argument brought against such a publication as ours is. It goes about like this: You wish the reader to form a judgment out of these documents about the action the foreign office took or omitted to take at the time. But there you or the reader get an unfair advantage on the man who had to act at that time, even if he was not called upon to act at a moment's notice. For you know all the documents relating to every kind of contemporaneous negotiation and intrigue and event and condition, while he, when he had to act, knew only a small sector of the whole. Yes, and that is why, after prolonged debate and argument between the editors, I gave in to Dr. Thimme's opinion and agreed to the grouping of the documents in chapters instead of following simply the order of time, the chronological order. Thus, for instance, you may find the documents, or in some cases parts of documents, relating to the Russo-Japanese War in one volume, the documents about the Hague Conference of the same month and year in another volume, the documents about the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904 regarding the partition of Northern Africa in a third volume, and so on. And this, on the whole, gives you a better idea of what official knowledge the statesmen had when they acted as mediators in that war or instructed their delegates to the Hague Conference or tried to get a share of influence

in the Mediterranean. I may be wrong, but I think it is one of the cardinal facts in the modern technique of foreign policy that it is hardly possible for anyone to have a real living knowledge of the facts of an actual conflict or treaty negotiation and at the same time as clearly realize the background to this question, the side issues, the interdependence with other problems of foreign policy. The documents of the last pre-war years will, I think, show to what extent the development of events in Europe depended on the German Chancellor Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's being almost completely taken up, you might almost say fascinated, by the Anglo-German naval rivalry, and by his efforts to get over this rivalry by an agreement on the Bagdad Railway, battling while he did so to the best of his powers against the interference of foreign official negotiators like Sir Ernest Cassel and Herr Ballin on one side and Lord Fisher and Admiral Tirpitz on the other hand, and losing touch thereby with the continental problems, above all with the Austro-Serbian problem, letting the Ballplatz diplomacy get out of his hand and ignoring the quite unmistakable warning of Italy's war against Turkey, which war, the farther you get away from the excitement of the Great War, stands out the more clearly as the beginning of it, as the going up of the curtain for the world drama to be enacted. I do not blame the Chancellor. I try to state a fact and to draw a lesson, and as far as the technique of our edition is concerned, this lesson clearly enjoins us not to follow the chronological order of the documents but to group them in the same way as, to the best of our knowledge, the acting statesmen of the time had grouped them in their minds.

And this leads me to a third and very serious objection. I have never found a more subtle expression of the thought underlying this objection than in the last volume of Marcel Proust's wonderful and terrible story of *La Recherche du Temps Perdu*: "Ce qu'on appelle expérience n'est que la révélation à nos propres yeux d'un trait de notre caractère, qui naturellement reparaît, et reparaît d'autant plus fortement que nous l'avons déjà mis en lumière pour nous-même une fois, de sorte que le mouvement spontané qui nous avait guidé la première fois se trouve renforcé par toutes les suggestions du souvenir. Le plagiat humain auquel il est le plus difficile d'échapper, pour les individus (et même pour les peuples qui persévèrent dans leurs fautes et vont les aggravant) c'est le plagiat de soi-même."

And if this is true, if what we call experience is only the revelation to our own conscience of a truth of our character which comes out again and again and will only come out stronger for our having recognized it as a part of our being, and if it is true that the plagiarism which is the most difficult to avoid for a whole people as well as for an individual is the plagiarism of yourself, then of course our publication would be of no benefit to anyone. I have not called up Proust's opinion to discuss it; I will simply state it and leave it to you to decide, for it has to be decided.

But now for the lessons which can be drawn from our documents.

And let me say first of all that in proposing to you what I think these lessons are I am speaking with great diffidence. The documents we have published give only one version of all that happened. Even if

the Russian state papers of the last five years before the war, and the British documents relating to the seventies and eighties of the last century are added to our own great mass of material we are far from the point at which the historian may try definitely to judge events and the conduct of men under the stress and trial of these events. Ninety per cent of those documents contain reports of conversations conducted between two men. No other witness than the man who spoke and the man who listened to him; both on their guard; each of them with something in his mind which he would like to induce the other to believe. The reports were, most of them, written a few hours after these conversations. They were, in most cases, bona fide reports of what the writer believed he heard, and of what he had intended to say—and let me say in passing that as far as I have been able to test them there are far more errors about what the writer of such a report believed he had said himself than about the things which had been said to him. Up to now there are, for the many thousands of those conversations, only a dozen or so where we can compare notes. In all other cases the report comes from one of the two men only. But the dozen of test cases is sufficient to show that with secretaries of state and ambassadors it is the same as with other human beings. They are, with the best intentions of the world, unable to reproduce word for word what they said and what was said to them in a conversation of one or two hours. They give what one calls the general sense, and everybody knows that it is very often in the nooks and corners and not on the main streets and places of such a conversation that the most delicate as well

as the most important problems are to be found. We have a very interesting instance in an exchange of views which took place in the first days of January, 1906, between Lord Grey, then Sir Edward Grey, the British Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and the German Ambassador, Count Wolff-Metternich, on the possibility of improving the very strained relations between England and Germany, suffering from the aftermath of the Morocco crisis and from the shock Sir Edward Grey's decisive declarations for France's paramount right in Morocco had given to the German diplomats. Only two or three years before the Wilhelmstrasse had fondly believed that England and France would never come together and that Joseph Chamberlain's proposals for an Anglo-German Alliance were the policy of a country which simply had no alternative but to secure Germany's good will and support at any price. But then Lord Lansdowne had shown that such an alternative was very much more of a reality than the conception of a German-British entente had ever been. England and France concluded the 1904 agreement promising each other a free hand and, if need be, mutual support against any other power disputing their supremacy in Egypt and in Morocco. When Sir Edward Grey took over the Foreign Office for his ten years' secretaryship he found himself, as he has told us in his memoirs, with a great load off his mind, for when he had last been in Downing Street, in the nineties, they had all felt very sore under the necessity of buying Germany's support against France in Egypt as well as against Russia in Constantinople. And Sir Edward meant to fulfill his predecessor's promise of support in Morocco which

was the price paid once for all to France, in the spirit as well as in the letter. He stood by Delcassé, and if, later on, in the critical days of 1914, there was criticism, in some French quarters and from neutral countries too, of his not having spoken clearly enough about England's bounden duty to go to war at France's side, this criticism can certainly not be directed against Sir Edward's action in 1905 and 1906. He made it clear to Count Metternich that diplomatic support for France, as it was ostensibly promised in the 1904 agreement, was by no means the end of the matter. He restated Lord Lansdowne's declaration that if a war between France and Germany arose out of the Morocco conflict, public opinion in England would insist so strongly on Great Britain taking sides that, in his opinion, it would be impossible for his country to remain neutral, and that quite apart from the cabinet itself and the minister who concluded the agreement feeling in honor bound to help the ally. Everyone knows what it means when a secretary of state of Lord Lansdowne's or Sir Edward Grey's standing, of his authority with his own party, the majority party, and under a constitution which knows of no monarchical or presidential authority able to overrule or even to keep in check the will of this, the majority of Parliament—what it means when he says that either Parliament must, of its own free will, adopt his view about the *casus fœderis* having arisen and war, on the side of the ally, having to be declared, or that he must resign, telling the country and indeed all the world by this, that any other course, be it of neutrality or siding with the other party of the conflict,

is in his eyes a dishonorable one with which he cannot allow his name to be associated.

One of the first conversations in which Sir Edward Grey stated to the German Ambassador his policy of standing by France and in which the German Ambassador tried to counter this declaration—you might almost call it a conditional declaration of war—by asking the British Minister of Foreign Affairs to be an umpire rather than a second to one of the parties; by asking him, in fact, to assume the rôle Great Britain has at last assumed in the Locarno Pacts—this conversation I speak of was held twenty years ago, January 3, 1906. We have two reports of it. One is Lord Grey's, in an official letter of January 9 to Sir Frank Lascelles, the British Ambassador to Germany. The other is Count Metternich's report to the German Chancellor, Prince Bülow. It is dated from the day of the conversation, the third of January. Lord Grey has published his letter in his memoirs. Count Metternich's report is given as number 6923 of our Foreign Office documents. We have reprinted both reports side by side in the journal of our Hamburg Institute of Foreign Policy, *Europäische Gespräche*, February, 1926.

Both Sir Edward Grey and Count Metternich evidently tried their very best to give a true report. Both were intent upon getting as near to the other man's understanding him as he could. In thirty-nine of the forty sentences of their reports they agreed to a remarkable extent. But they both failed in rendering the one sentence which was most essential and by their failure stopped every good effect their conversation could have had.

Count Metternich did not get at the one thing

which was, as we know now, uppermost in Sir Edward Grey's mind. His suspicion was that Germany was not really going into the Morocco business to further trade interests and get concessions for the Mannesmanns but that Bülow was out to smash the Anglo-French Agreement about Egypt and Morocco itself. He tried to make this clear by saying that if a conflict between Germany and France "arose out of the very document," the Lansdowne-Delcassé agreement, England would help France and go into the war. But in Count Metternich's report, though he tried to give Sir Edward's phrase in a word by word translation, the sense of it is lost and in Berlin they went on believing that it was a matter of port rights in Tangier and Agadir, of police inspectors in the west coast towns and of the shares in an International State Bank of Morocco, while Sir Edward Grey not only was quite unshaken in his conviction that the only aim of the Germans was to destroy the Anglo-French Entente but believed he had told the ambassador all about this conviction.

And it was quite the same with Sir Edward's letter to his ambassador. There is no word in it about the one thing which to Metternich must have simply meant everything, and that is that he had told Sir Edward Grey how difficult the direct negotiations between Germany and France about the details of the Morocco question were made by Great Britain's threatening to stand by France in a possible conflict, instead of mediating on the merits of each question as it arose.

And is not this instance very wonderful in this respect, that the failure is the same on both sides? If the ambassador had failed to report what the foreign

secretary said it might have been ill will or want of ability. If Sir Edward Grey had kept information from Sir Frank Lascelles it might have been a stroke of policy and intentional omission. But when they are both in the same rôle of trying their hardest and not succeeding it certainly means more than a diplomatic intrigue can ever mean.

Now it may seem a long way from January, 1906, to August, 1926, and I am not quite sure I have an answer ready if you say that one old document out of fifteen thousand does not help you very much even with all the subtle innuendoes and the unhappy misunderstandings of it brought to the full light, when you are handling the problems of post-war Europe. The consequences of the war and of the treaties are quite enough for us, you will say, without any inquiry into the minor failures of the past. Those statesmen of—well, it seems to many of us a few hundred years ago, this year of the Algeciras Conference—may have had their shortcomings, but what if they did, on such and such an occasion, fail to understand the true meaning of every word their opponent said? On the whole they tried their best, and were not the times they lived in and worked for better than our own, apart from a few malignant creatures plotting war, such as cannot be prevented from doing mischief even by the highest art of statesmen? Now I want to say to you that this was not so. For on the paving stones of their good intentions they, all of them, went the way which leads, to use a famous phrase of Sir Edward Grey's, to disaster, death, and damnation. And we want to go up. And again I want to say: they were in the midst of an essentially bad system of foreign policy, and the

complacency with which they worked this system makes them responsible for the results even if they can with some measure of truth profess to have done their best to avoid them. Ententes and alliances, both placed upon and held together by the prospect of a conflict, by future contingencies of war and never by a common interest in works of peace, both therefore based on the armaments of your own state—of whom you may perhaps say that they are part and parcel of your sovereignty and that you will not suffer anybody else to control them—but also and in some cases even chiefly on the armaments of your ally whose war-party is then supported and encouraged by you to keep watch on the pacifists and on the false economists who may want to cut down army and navy expenditures; alliances, therefore, accompanied by a close understanding between the General Staff of your country and that of your ally, drawing up the maps of battle fields, comparing time-tables of mobilization to forestall the potential enemy's readiness to attack with a still greater and more quickly resolved readiness to do the same to him. But not alliances only; it was the "great game" of the balance of power everywhere. For alliances beget counter-alliances; you cannot have one European power counting on help from a Moorish sultan without his neighbor eagerly bargaining for friendship with the Grand Turk. To the Dual Alliance a Dual Entente, to the Triple Alliance a Triple Entente. This was the law of the game. And mark me there: one of the cards with which the game was played had been marked. It was the Italian card.

I am not thinking of the war now and of what to naïve people in Austria and Germany seemed to be

Italy's treachery: her going over to the enemy and declaring war on her allies because the Entente powers were willing to pay a price while the Central Powers were not. I do not think we have a right to complain there. We had been warned. Everybody knew what was coming. Nor do I speak about the Treaty of London. Public opinion in the United States has given its judgment on it with no uncertain voice. But here again I would rather not complain. The booty policy was in full swing when England and France offered things which, to say the least, did not belong to them, to those who wished to have them by hook or by crook. No, what I mean by Italy being a marked card in the game of Balance of Power is this undisputable fact, for which the documents give clear evidence, that for the thirteen fateful years before the great war, from 1901 to 1914, Italy was held up in the press of the Entente Powers and even in the speeches of responsible politicians as the strong southern pillar of the Triple Alliance, securing to this Alliance, which to all appearance was led by Germany, the predominant vote in the Council of Europe, if not hegemony itself, and thus driving the three other countries into a defensive entente which, though it could not compare in unity of purpose or strength of resources with the Central Powers combined, could at least muster something like the three hundred Lacedemonians stemming the millions of Xerxes at Thermopylæ, while in fact during all this time, since the Franco-Italian agreements of 1901 and 1903 and still more since the Anglo-French-Italian agreement about the spheres of influence in North Africa, this same Italy belonged to the Entente group, voted with it at a

conference, acted with it in a crisis, and finally would have to fight with it. It must have been almost in the same breath that the big men of French and British journalism described the menace of the Triple Alliance's overpowering military strength, and that they told each other when they were out of hearing of their colleagues from Central Europe how Ambassador Barrère had, again and again, scored against the Germans in the Quirinal and how bitterly each partner of the Triple Alliance complained about the two others playing tricks on him, conducting negotiations behind his back and selling him to the enemy.

It was this atmosphere of deliberate lying on the greatest scale,—I would not say simply of make-believe, for the most astonishing feature of this kind of foreign policy is that nobody believes for a moment in the other man's believing what he says, it being on the contrary the rule that by means of the secret service you know much more of the potential enemy's innermost mind than of your own,—it was this more than any other cause which made the war when it came such an utterly senseless thing. The instances are many. Take the case of Constantinople. For fifty years it was a dead certainty in every chancellery of Europe, if you heard the diplomatists, that in a few months' time at the latest the Russians would take Constantinople. Meanwhile Austria took Bosnia and the Herzegovina, Italy took Tripoli and would have taken Abyssinia if it could; France took Morocco and Belgium the Congo; England annexed the Boer Republics and Japan, Korea; in fact, everybody took absolutely everything he could get, while Russia never even moved a finger to take

Constantinople. Or, to give an instance which you would not believe to have happened but for the documents proving it so clearly, the instance of the military help Italy had promised to Germany in the case of a defensive war with France. The promise was given in the elder Moltke's time, in the eighties. An army corps had to be sent from Italy through Austrian Tyrol over the Brenner Pass to southern Germany to fight on the Alsace front against the French. Of course the Austrians had to give transport facilities for the passing through of the troops and every year the itinerary was conscientiously worked out hour by hour. Now in 1901 when the Triple Alliance had to be renewed it leaked out that the French Government knew every bit of this arrangement between the German and Italian General Staffs and had made representations about it in Rome. The Foreign Offices in Rome and Berlin could not boast of the same knowledge. They were poor civilians whom you would never trust with the highest secrets of state. So they asked the chiefs of their General Staffs about it. The answer of the German General Staff was this: first, that they had known all along that the French knew of the plan, and secondly, that they did not in the least think the promised help would be forthcoming, for even if the King of Italy and his ministers should be willing, Parliament and the people would not allow it,—but thirdly, that the arrangement could not be allowed to lapse because the ally in Vienna must not know what we knew; he should be kept to the belief that the Italian army corps was coming and therefore the Tyrol transport plans should be kept up to date and renewed every year with all possible care. And this

was found a sufficient reason for renewing the Triple Alliance, though to all intents and purposes it was a gigantic fraud.

And, as a last example, take the secrecy of the Grey-Cambon agreement of 1912 and of the conversation between Grey and Sazonof during the latter's visit to Balmoral in 1912, dealing with the promises of support to be given to France in the case of a conflict with Germany. Now I have no clear proof, but every possible test of indirect evidence seems to show that the German Foreign Office knew by the end of 1912, or at least during 1913, not only of this correspondence and conversation but of Isvolski's and Benckendorff's comment on it and above all of the fact that the British Foreign Secretary had kept it secret from at least a few of his cabinet colleagues. Can it be wondered at that the men at the Berlin Foreign Office put their experiences of 1904, when Delcassé claimed to have been offered British military help against Germany by Lord Lansdowne and the British Cabinet had denied every knowledge of such an offer, and this new experience of 1912 together and believed in a sinister conspiracy to strangle Germany out of the life of a great power into the horrid state of a big living corpse unable to act or even to breathe freely?

This is not a plea for ending diplomacy. We are out for better methods. The Institute of Politics is giving invaluable help. The London Institute of International Affairs is lending a hand and I should like, in passing, to pay a tribute to the great work done by Professor Toynbee in his Annual Survey. We are trying to do something in the same direction in our Hamburg Institute of Foreign Policy. But

we need much more than a change of methods such as the combined efforts of historical and political science could teach us to be necessary for the welfare of the world. We need more than good advice. We need a common task for the living forces which Europe still can muster, a task which by its grandeur, by the strong appeal it makes to every political worker, will drive the small quarrels and intrigues of the past out of our life.

I will ask you in my next lectures to consider if this task for Europe can be found in Africa.

CHAPTER IV

BACKWARD RACES

THE English language has a rather dangerous expression for indicating those human beings to whom colonial government is to be applied whether they may like it or not. To a continental writer on international law it comes as somewhat of a shock and we find a difficulty in translating it without seeming a little bit conceited. I do not think you mean any harm in using it. To some of you it may simply seem to state a fact—calling a spade a spade—and for others it may even imply a sense of righteousness and of that thankfulness which makes a man praise the Lord God for having made him better than those others are. But then we are so much more conscious of our own sinfulness in my part of the world that we cannot quite feel the same way, and neither in German nor in French or Russian do we speak of the *backward races*.

Now in using this expression, which is, as I said, foreign to our way of thinking in these questions of colonial policy and of the mandate system, I am of course driven to ask myself, and perhaps you will allow me to put the question to you also: Are we really as definitely *forward* as our use of the words *backward races* in a definition of our African policy would seem to indicate? And as I have in the course of these lectures given you probably much more of my own individual opinion than you could have liked to hear, you will certainly permit me to begin with a quotation today, taken from an excellent textbook

on Colonial Administration whose very title contains the author's opinion of the backwardness of the territories under administration, Mr. F. Lindley's *Treatise on the Acquisition and Government of Backward Territory in International Law*. This is what he says in chapter V under the heading of International Law and Native Government:

“We have cited abundant evidence to show that advanced governments do recognize sovereign rights in less advanced peoples with whom they come into contact, and do, in general, deal with such peoples on a treaty basis when acquiring their territory. In face of that evidence and of such a pronouncement as that of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the matter of the South Rhodesian Lands, to which we have referred (Southern Rhodesian Land Claims, Jud. Comm. P.C. 1919), any rule of international law which regarded the territory of independent backward peoples as being under no sovereignty and belonging to nobody would not only not be based upon ‘evidence of usage to be obtained from the action of nations’ but would be in direct conflict therewith.

“But the degree to which recognition of the territorial rights of backward peoples is afforded in the present stage of development of international law should be clearly appreciated. While international law should and does recognize the rights of independent backward races to the extent of distinguishing those territories to which a title may be acquired by the legally and morally legitimate method of Occupation from those which, in the absence of consent on the part of the inhabitants, can be obtained only by Conquest—or through Prescription—it does

not, at present, go further and say that an acquisition by Conquest is not legitimate. On the contrary, once a Conquest has become a *fait accompli*, international law recognizes its results."

"From the point of view of international morality," Mr. Lindley adds, "there may be much to be said on both sides as to the legitimacy or the justice of a particular war of Conquest. But such a war is neither justifiable nor unjustifiable by international law. Various attempts have been made to define just causes of war—as we have seen, Grotius and others have declared that it is not a just cause of war to claim lands on the ground of discovery when they are already occupied by backward peoples, and have endeavored to define the conditions under which a forcible expropriation of the natives would be justifiable. But international law is not yet in a position to adopt such a proposition as one of its rules. All it can do is to say that the particular area is not a *res nullius* and, in the absence of consent on the part of the natives, leave a State to justify its acquisition to public opinion as a conquest."

Now while nobody will, I think, contest that Mr. Lindley is stating the present condition of International Law quite correctly—though many of us may regret to find that the forward move of public opinion and lawyers' findings since Grotius' time, according to his statement, has been somewhat slow—it so happens that quite recently a very remarkable case of such a "forcible expropriation of the natives" as the author had in view, took place in the British Protectorate of Swaziland. These natives, far from giving their consent to being driven out of their old settlements near their cattle's grazing

land, and perhaps out of a regrettable want of understanding of the British Government's good intentions in partitioning the territory into white settlers' and natives' districts, forced their king to fight the settlers' claim. He did this not by force of arms, as you would suppose the ruler of a backward tribe to do, but in a court of law. Quite as Grotius would have liked it, King Sobhuza of Swaziland brought an action for a declaration of his own kingly and his subjects' natural right of living on the land of their fathers and forefathers, and not on only a third part of it reserved for them by the decree of a Royal Commissioner from Natal. When the High Court of Swaziland dismissed this petition the King put his trust in the Highest Tribunal of the British Empire, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. He said and proved that these very lands, in which the British settlers now claimed unrestricted freehold and power to eject the natives occupying them under an Ordinance of the Government, had been leased by the predecessors of these settlers, two Englishmen called Thorburn and Watkins, from his predecessor, old King Umbandine of Swaziland, and that in their bond these Englishmen recognized expressly and solemnly that nothing in their use of the land should prejudice the laws and customs, long inherited, of the subjects of the King. But though the King Sobhuza could have called Grotius for his witness, the Privy Council did not agree with him. Lord Haldane, who was the speaker of the Court's judgment, stated that Swaziland was a kind of Protectorate, first under the South African Republic, Oom Kruger's Transvaal Boer State, and then, after Great Britain had conquered the Trans-

vaal and everything that belonged to it, in the war of 1899, under the British Crown. He further quoted a proclamation of the High Commissioner, March 16, 1917, proclaiming those areas as Crown lands: "In South Africa the extension of British jurisdiction by Order in Council has at times been carried very far. Such extension may be referred to an exercise of power by an Act of State, unchallengeable in any British Court, or it may be attributed to statutory powers given by the Foreign Jurisdiction Act, 1890. This statute provides, upon the preamble, that by treaty, capitulation, grant, usage, sufferance, and other lawful means, the Crown has power and jurisdiction in divers countries and places outside its dominions, and that it was expedient that Acts relating to the exercise of such jurisdiction should be consolidated, that it should be lawful for the Sovereign to hold, exercise, and enjoy any jurisdiction now or hereafter possessed within a foreign country in the same and as ample a manner as if the jurisdiction had been acquired by cession or conquest of territory"—so you may see that these two lawful means of the Crown to have jurisdiction, cession by the former sovereign, and conquest, are evidently twins by nature—"and that every Act and Thing"—I am now quoting the Privy Council's judgment again—"every Act and Thing done in pursuance of any such jurisdiction was to be as valid as if it had been done according to the local law then in force in that country. It was provided that any Order in Council made in pursuance of the Act should be laid before both Houses of Parliament within a limited time, and should have effect as if enacted in the Act. The Foreign Jurisdiction Act thus appears

to make the jurisdiction, acquired by the Crown in a protected country, *indistinguishable in legal effect from what might be acquired by conquest.*” So that first the South African Republic, though of course it could not have said it so well in legal terms, seems to have been indistinguishable from a conqueror of Swaziland in so much as it claimed to be the protector of King Umbandine and all his land and subjects, and that, afterwards, namely, to quote Lord Haldane’s judgment once more “after the conquest and annexation of that Republic, by Order in Council of June 25, 1903, the Crown ordered that the Governor administering the Transvaal might exercise all powers and jurisdictions of the Crown and take all such measures and do all such things as were lawful and in the interest of His Majesty’s service.” And in this way the Transvaal’s Swaziland conquest was in turn conquered by the British Crown, and there was an end of the Swazi king’s claim and of his subjects’ grazing rights.

Now if I may say so with great respect for the learned lords’ judgment, if you had asked me for the best way of ascertaining whether people belong to the backward races or to the forward ones I should probably, after trying some experiments in historical definition and having ignominiously failed with them, have told you to look out for the value this people set on conquest. A people who valued conquest very highly indeed, who considered conquest a title-in-law at all, certainly must be a very, very backward race to hold such opinions! For backward races regulate neither their public nor their private life by standards of ethical worth; they have not yet learned to distinguish a bad title from a good

one, they are the slaves of that strong and terrible master, superstition. And it is only superstition which puts any value on force. The superstitious man's mind sees in the other man's or brute's strength which has hurled him down a sign of godly gifts or of the magician's art, a thing to be bowed before and to be venerated. No knowledge of history has taught him yet that force is the feeblest power, a thing of the moment, made of dust and to be dust again by time's inexorable law. No true religion has called on his conscience to be the judge of good and evil, to do right and fear nothing. He is a backward man, believing in conquest, and it seems high time to put him under a progressive colonial administration to develop his mind and educate him to a better understanding of the things which make human life worth living, till, after a few centuries, he may even aspire to become a "*ζῶον πολιτικόν*," a citizen of a self-governing country.

Is not this the only possible way in which we may speak of backward races and territories without exposing ourselves to a satire as bitter as any that Swift or Defoe have written: to speak of them with a deep sense of the duty of those who are leading the way for the great caravan of humanity to look back as well as forward, to have care of the last wagon laden with the sick and the children and the wives who cannot walk so fast for having borne the children on the vanguard? If they remain behind and we arrive, there is the Master of the Course of human life standing at the goal and asking us what we have done to our brothers. If they are sore of foot and we are producing ten million pairs of the best standard boots daily with the word "For-

ward," let them have a few thousands. If we think we have wisdom and to spare, let us teach them. If we try honestly to do so, we shall find out, I think, that we have some things to learn from them as well.

I can say this, at least, for Europe, that it is beginning to think of Africa in a better and more sympathetic spirit than it did in the days before the war. That is faint praise, you will say, and say truly. For where else in all the four quarters of the earth could a European show himself? We know, even the proudest amongst us and the boldest, that we cannot claim to show ourselves in Asia. We climb the Himalaya, well and good, to the foot of the summit, and then we lose our breath. Perhaps in a year or two we shall reach the top, and the captain or lieutenant who is the first to stand on the world's peak and is about to unfold the flag he brought with him, when he tries to look down to the great Indian plains beneath the clouds will feel the doubt gripping him by the throat and choking him whether some score of years hence our flag will be flying over Calcutta and Bombay. To-day we have our shops and counters, a handful of merchants, at Shanghai. We are playing soldiers, the military band is marching past, we give the salute to the tricolor and crow, we cocks of Europe, lustily in Tonkin, in Annam and Cambodia. But a day will come when the look in the eyes of the Asiatic, the silent look of men who can see through bodies dead or living as if they were so many windows of glass, will frighten us, and we shall take to ship, by night if need be, quickly, ere the silent hands of the people with the queer silent look in the eyes begin to move. No, Asia is no place for us Europeans.

Neither, as you know best, is the new world. We are a bad debt on your books; it is quite impossible to deny it. And then there is Ellis Island and the Monroe Doctrine, which is, if we look it squarely in the eyes, rather a sanitary measure against infectious diseases of the body politic than anything else, and there is the other side of the medal, too, with our mortal fear of all your Fordism and Filenism wishing to bring us a standardized happiness of living, which happiness we should not like at all if it really came to shed its genial smile on all our quaint, dirty courtyards and blind alleys. You have had plenty of nice French *bon mots* in your newspapers lately, I see, on the feelings of poor Europe towards her big creditor. Of course you do not believe what the boulevards say about your unpopularity, and quite rightly so. The truth is that we like the Americans but that we are very much afraid of America as a business proposal. We have just escaped the *Untergang des Abendlandes* but it does not do our eyes much good to look on too much rise of the other half of the world.

But Europe in Africa: this is another matter. A place in the sun, and a spacious one to bathe our frozen old body in; battles with big game and with small flies carrying pestilential death with them. The saga of great treks through desert lands; the mirage of the sand luring you to seek after the things which are not: take your heart in both your hands, you boys of old Europe, and show up! Here is a task for you, and the call has sounded for you to stake everything, not your learning only or your machinery but your whole being, and to be judged

not by the things you know or by the things you possess but by what you are.

It is not a question of our being partisans of colonial extension, imperialists or Little Europeans, soldiers or pacifists now. It is not a free choice, we simply have to do it. Here, in Africa—and I am speaking of real Africa, not of the mixed lot of Arabs and Levantines on the Mediterranean shores, not of the Départements de France or the International at Tangier, but of black Africa, from the Gold Coast and the southern Sahara, and the Sudan down south to Matabele and Kaffir and Herero land. Here in Africa, Europe has taken her stand for two thousand years, since Ptolemy's and Pliny's and Herodotus' age, and again since, five hundred years ago, the Portuguese ships, sailing round the Cape to the Indian Sea, put the figure of this big terra incognita on the maps, till our father's times and our own when every European nation sent its best men to find not gold—to find gold they had to send about their worst—but to find the springs of the Nile and the Congo's route from east to west, and, above all, to find the soul of the African. They were gentle men in the true sense of the word, *gentils-hommes*, those Livingstones and Nachtigalls and Broquevilles and Emin Paschas. And is it not a wonderful thing, and much more than a curious coincidence, that here, in the great Union of South Africa, the protagonist nation of the African's own right to nationhood, and here alone, the old law of Europe, Roman law, which gave us our conceptions and the name even for the State and its Constitution, for the Republic and for the Empire, is still the law

living, and the judges give their judgments, in this twentieth century, out of the *Corpus Iuris Civilis*?

Here in Africa Europeans may, if anywhere, show how much virtue is left in them.

Now there is not much good in a trial of strength by itself, for the consciousness of having been put to the test may strengthen the devil in you as well as the more divine elements of your soul. And even the most opinionated politician in Europe would not dare to claim that Africa existed only to provide a field for our sporting proclivities. It is the lesson that Europe may learn in Africa which really matters, much more than the lesson we might impart to the Africans. For by our intercourse with Africa we are able to get our lesson fresh from nature itself and not from textbooks of history. And it is by such a lesson, by having to face a problem which in our own experience and our fathers' and forefathers' has not been before them and before us, that we can learn something. It is a common complaint that even the greatest events—not the things which you or I would call great, but things of newspaper greatness, like a big war or an earthquake or a revolution—that even these things are wasted on a new generation, that even the one great value of a war, that is, the memory of its horrors and the resultant deterrent effect, is shortlived, and that children born into a world full of the bitter despair over a war, when their time of manhood has come, will go to war again as their fathers did. And you cannot in fairness complain of this. The faults and crimes in the history of a man's own nation are often not deterrents, they are often so many excuses for doing the same things again. And history indicates clearly that, if you look

for a road leading straight to a new war, you will find this road is very often called the treaty of peace to the last war.

Now a remedy to these false lessons of our experience in Europe lies in Africa. If the European has to find his way to the source of life of the Black Continent he has no map of history telling him how he may go round and round it, and, never reaching the goal, always believe himself on the great road of human progress. In Africa he must find his way straight to the heart of the question before him, or he will lose it altogether. And if he has to act, he cannot stand on precedents or on prejudices, be they ever so dear to him. He must dare the untried and take nature's own immediate judgment, without any forms of procedure and with no counsel or advocate helping him.

I think the lesson British policy is learning during these last years in the Upper Sudan is a fairly good illustration of what I mean, though we are still in the midst of it and our latest news tells us of desperate effort on the part of two European governments to introduce some time-honored European fallacies into their relations with Abyssinia.

It was, in the first instance, not a question between Great Britain and Abyssinia at all. It was a question between Great Britain and Egypt, both countries claiming the Sudan as their own. But Great Britain could well believe herself to have a paramount right there. Was it not in the Sudan that General Gordon, a Christian soldier, a gallant soldier and a brave man, died for his country, even by this cruel death at the Mahdi's hand planting the Union Jack firmly into the soil for England? And England came back

and redeemed the honor of the flag. Was it not there, between the Blue Nile and the White Nile, that Kitchener met the French captain who had come to carry military government from Northwestern Africa by way of Lake Tchad to the Upper Nile? There it was that pressure from Great Britain forced France back from Fashoda, and incidentally reminded France that she had better look elsewhere and have Britain's support rather than stand in England's way, obstructing the Cape to Cairo route, as Germany was already doing.

But England had a better title to dominion over the Sudan than these memories of military expeditions. For there, in Upper Egypt and in the Sudan, European administration of African territory had, under Lord Cromer's rule, shown itself at its best. There it was that the engineer's art built the barrages and dams securing, during the rains, a surplus of water, and fertility for the barren soil of rock and sand. A vast stretch of cotton plantations between the two Nile rivers, promising raw material to all the Lancashire mills and perhaps to every manufacturing industry in the whole Empire, was developed. To have created this out of a desert by sheer force of will, and without anyone being the loser thereby, was a title to dominion which could not easily have been disputed, even if the whole might of the British Empire had not been behind it.

But is it true there was no loser? Was not Egypt poorer for every bale of cotton which the Sudan Plantation Syndicate picked? And how about the water itself? Was not its natural course down to Lower Egypt, where the life of every plant and animal and every human being thirsted for it, de-

layed by the great Sudan dam to be diverted for the benefit of a foreign competitor of Egyptian trade? And what value the independence, the nationhood and the membership in the League of Nations for Egypt as long as high up at the holy springs of the Nile there was a British mechanician who had only to touch an electric button to divert the river, dry up its bed, destroy its divinity?

But in this conflict the British hand seemed to hold every trump card against the Egyptians' play. If the Egyptians pretended to be the true nationals of the country, and called the Englishmen aliens, as undesirable as in Pharaoh's time the Jewish tribes had been, the British had an answer ready at hand. They claimed to be more truly African than the Egyptians themselves, for they were the spokesmen and the trusted protectors of the Sudanese, the true children of the soil, while the Egyptians were a mixed people of every kind of Mediterranean race, not Africans at all. If Egypt relied upon international treaties and on the promises given by the British government when the war against the Turks was going on, when they spoke of the rights of a small nation under the new order to which the victory of the allies had educated the world, the British government pointed to the murder of the Sirdar and declined to speak of treaties with the blood of the king's own representative and Egypt's truest friend between them and the ruling party of Egypt. Was it then to the League of Nations a Prime Minister of Egypt could appeal? If he did he would only find that a communication from Great Britain had been received at the League secretariat a few days before, telling the assembled nations of the civilized

world, in terms of a solemn declaration of international law, that the new status given to Egypt was a domestic affair of the British Empire and that any criticism from other quarters would be regarded as an unfriendly act by the British government. And if at last Egypt, left to its own resources, thought of making the most of them and, giving the British cotton trade to understand that between their plantations in the Sudan and the port of Alexandria there were frontiers and customs stations, an export route managed by Egyptian officials, then the British still had their highest card to play. For with the help of that technical device which never fails a plan of imperialistic expansion, the Sudan would, if need be, find an outlet for its products to the great African lakes in the south, to Kenya, to the east coast of Africa, an all-British route to the sea, and Egypt would have to implore the cotton syndicate for part, at least, of their export freight instead of putting conditions on its transit.

High and mighty, the Sudan Plantation Syndicate and its sister company of the Kassala cotton fields sat enthroned in their upper position on the Nile and looked down on the plight of the Egyptians, and in the hot days after the murder of Sir Lee Stack there were many people in England who, on the strength of this position, spoke of a ruthless use of their economic power to bring the Egyptians down to their knees and make them eat the bread of penitence. They had promised them in quieter days to keep only as much of the water held up by the great dam of Makwar as would be needed to fertilize 300,000 acres in the plains of Ghezireh. But such promises held good, they said, only as long as the

people who benefited by them showed a decent measure of gratitude. You need not keep faith with murderers, said the British, and added that they would take, then, all the water there was to take and sink it into the Ghezireh plains until, with the Sudanese cotton fields at their highest power of production, Egypt would not be able to sell a single bale of cotton, even if there was still enough water left to grow it.

It was at this point that one of the lessons which Europe may learn in Africa was taught. It came as a small, still voice after the din of all this strife. And if you were a lawyer you knew at once that it was quite an insignificant chapter of Roman law which came to life again and would tell you how to handle this question of a conflict fought with all the implements of modern industrial technique and diplomatic art. But though you might well doubt the merest possibility of an argument in civil law standing up against all the combined might of a world empire and of the city of London, you had to believe your own senses and see that this law, the law of neighborhood, was stronger than anything else. For the Blue Nile, whose waters are received at the dam of Makwar, comes down from the Abyssinian mountains, and the river Gash, which fertilizes the cotton plantations of Kassala, has its springs in the Italian colonies of Eritrea. Both Abyssinia and Italy could claim to divert the water of the rivers to their own use by the same right as the Sudan government, from their position on the middle course of the river, can do so towards the lowland country of Egypt. And whatever the Sudan government would not allow its neighbors up in the mountains to do it

would have to refuse to itself in relation to its neighbor down stream. It did not take long for the Sudan statesmen to see this. They came to an agreement with Egypt to submit the question of the water rights of the Nile to arbitration by an imperial tribunal presided over by a neutral. They had been reminded by Nature in Africa of the lesson given to the world two thousand years ago in the words of its Savior, "with what measure you mete it shall be measured to you again."

CHAPTER V

AFRICA: THE COMMON TRUST OF EUROPE

Nobody could expect the experience of two thousand years of the history of Europe to resign its task as adviser to every government of a civilized country without a struggle. And you could fairly well predict what its advice to the governments of Europe about their attitude to Abyssinia would be. It was not for nothing that they came fresh from the agreement Great Britain and Italy had made about northern Somaliland to compensate Italy for having had to renounce her share in the spoils of war, a share which the Allies had, in the hour of greatest need, assigned to her in the famous London Pact. By giving part of her South African dominion away to Italy without any other reason than this war promise of compensation, without consulting the people in the ceded territory at all or having regard for their interests, Great Britain had given the lie to the best part of the African clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. For if the assignation of the former German colonies to Great Britain and France as their mandatory powers had been as the American peace delegation in Paris meant it to be, an assignation to a trustee who would hold them under an obligation to their native people first and to the community of nations afterwards, there was no compensation due to Italy. Compensation was due in a case of extension of Great Britain's African possessions only, and by giving compensation to Italy Great Britain publicly acknowledged her African mandates to be

what at Paris and Versailles the allied governments had proclaimed them not to be, a new form of annexation to the colonial empire of Great Britain and France. And at the same time, in ceding part of Great Britain's own colonies to Italy by a treaty signed in the colonial office in London, the two governments asserted the old conception of sovereign property in their colonial possessions, implying the right to buy and sell and barter and bargain their land and cattle, the men and women and children, too, from one state to another.

Now if this could be done before all the world without anybody's seeing any harm in it, and the League of Nations Secretariat registering such a treaty with great respect as one more in the long list of treaties whose purpose it was to serve as a model of diplomatic civilization to the future generations of Europe, it would evidently be an ignominious defeat of this same diplomacy to let the matter of the Nile water shares rest with the award of an arbitral tribunal. And as you could not expect a country like Abyssinia, where they still call a slave a slave and not a free workman compelled to do forced labor by hut taxes and similar beneficial institutions of a well-administered colony or mandated territories, to be up to the standards of European diplomacy, what could you do but add one more arrangement between Great Britain and Italy to the London Pact and to the cession of Somaliland? Thus it was that an exchange of notes between the United Kingdom and Italy respecting Lake Tsana published as a White Paper early this summer, came to pass, beginning with a letter from Sir R. Graham to Mussolini dated December 14, 1925.

“Your Excellency,” the Ambassador begins, “is well aware of the vital importance to Egypt and the Sudan of maintaining and if possible increasing the volume of water for irrigation purposes available in those countries from the Blue and White Niles and their tributary streams. Various schemes for the purpose have been carried out or are projected and you are informed of the negotiations undertaken at Addis Ababa by His Majesty’s government, acting in a fiduciary capacity for the Sudan government and mindful of Egyptian interests in the matter”—but if I may interrupt His Excellency’s remarks for a moment, not so very mindful of Egyptian interests as to let Egypt conduct her own negotiations with the Abyssinian neighbor or even to let her take a part in the Anglo-Italian *pour parlers*—“mindful of Egypt’s interests in the matter in order to obtain a concession from the government of Abyssinia for the construction of a barrage at Lake Tsana with a view to storing its waters for use in the Blue Nile. So far these negotiations have led to no practical result.”

Coöperation is therefore sought and the more hopefully as Italy as long ago as in November, 1919, a date which seems to suggest some connection with the end of the war and the distribution of the spoils, had offered such a coöperation to Great Britain in regard to Abyssinia, which country was then under the cloud of having kept its neutrality even after the result of the great struggle was no longer in doubt. This Italian offer had culminated in Italy’s request for an exclusive economic influence in the west of Ethiopia and in Italy’s asking the British government for a “promise to support with the Ethiopian

government all requests for economic concessions regarding the Italian zone." The British government is now willing for the sake of common pressure on Abyssinia exercised by Italy and Great Britain from north, west, and south, to accept the offer and to give the promise. And I have to ask your indulgence for quoting a few more sentences out of Sir R. Graham's letter.

"In the event of His Majesty's government, with the valued assistance of the Italian government, obtaining from the Abyssinian government the desired concessions of Lake Tsana, they are also prepared to recognize an exclusive Italian economic influence in the west of Abyssinia and in the whole of the territory to be crossed by the above mentioned railway." That is, an Italian railway from the frontier of Italian Eritrea to the frontier of Italian Somaliland right through Abyssinia, passing west of its capital, Addis Ababa, and east of its second biggest center, Harrar, cutting Abyssinia in two. "They would further promise to support with the Abyssinian government all Italian requests for economic concessions in the above zone. But such recognition and undertaking are subject to the proviso that the Italian government on their side, recognizing the prior hydraulic rights of Egypt in the Sudan, will engage not to construct on the head waters of the Blue or White Niles or their tributaries or affluents any work which might sensibly modify their flow into the main river. It is understood that the above proviso would not preclude reasonable use of the waters in question by the inhabitants of the region, even to the extent of constructing dams for hydro-electric power or small reservoirs in minor affluents

to store water for domestic purposes as well as for the cultivation of the food crops necessary to their own subsistence."

Now I call this very humane of the two governments of Great Britain and Italy to allow the inhabitants of a "backward territory" the use of their water for domestic purposes and for the cultivation of crops necessary to their subsistence, especially when those inhabitants are people of a sovereign state belonging to the League of Nations and claiming, if I am not mistaken, to be by reason of age the first state of the world. But what if an Abyssinian in all his backwardness should get it into his head to use the water of his rivers with the help of dams and reservoirs for an agricultural enterprise, with a view of exporting crops? What if he should be impudent enough to answer back to the British government when it speaks to him in a fiduciary capacity for the Sudan government and mindful of Egyptian interests in the matter, and say that to the best of his knowledge the cotton plantations of Ghezireh and Kassala use the Nile waters neither for the ablutions of the Sudanese nor to cultivate the food crops necessary to the subsistence of the people of these places, but rather to provide high dividends for the share-holders of the Sudan Plantation Syndicate or to let the Lancashire cotton trade get the raw material it needs from a British controlled country and at a cheap price in a closed market?

I have quoted this Anglo-Italian agreement not to enforce any lessons it might give to a student of present diplomatic methods, but simply to say that this is an instance of Europe's not learning the lesson it might learn in Africa. It is much more like

a schoolboy's trying to escape learning his lesson. If we come to the question of African policy as a whole, the water rights of the Nile are certainly not the best example you could get, because, if you will allow me to return for a moment to the concepts of my first lecture, the stronger your conviction about the artificial character of the conception of Europe as an entity is and the stronger you feel, therefore, that an Italian or Greek or Spanish member on a navigation board of the Vistula or on a port of authority in the Baltic Sea is an incongruity, the more you must be prepared to leave Mediterranean questions in the widest sense of the word to be solved according to the standards and laws of the peoples living around the Mediterranean waters and to the people of Egypt among them.

If we would have a full view of Europe's common task in Africa we shall have to go farther south. The people living between the Niger and the Congo, the Zambesi and the Orange river, are in a stricter sense African than the people on the Nile, and in this great region the lesson of trusteeship, old as the lawyer's definition of it is, and manifold as the cases decided between a trustee and a *cestui que trust* are, has to be learned anew, and, as it seems, not without great difficulties.

It so happened that in the last copy of the London *Times* brought on board our ship from Southampton, the issue of July 14, not less than three reports of lectures and addresses on African problems were to be found; the Under Secretary to the Colonial Office, the Governor of Southern Rhodesia, and the Bishop of Sierra Leone, speaking in the Junior Constitutional Club, at a luncheon of the African Society and

at the monthly meeting of the Geneva Committee of the Church Missionary Society respectively.

Mr. Ormsby Gore, if the *Times* reported his speech correctly, spoke first of the problem of the industrial future of Great Britain and the nightmare of finding employment for their people. "Since the war," he said, "the markets of the world were largely closed against us. In the nineteenth century the development of India by Great Britain had been of great advantage to both countries. So now our hope must be in the tropical and sub-tropical areas whence we could derive raw material and which, in turn, would take our manufactured products. British Africa is the chief, if not the only possible, field for such development." And then the Under Secretary spoke of the three great needs of the country, both East and West Africa, the increase of man power, scientific research to destroy the carriers of disease, and the development of transportation, telling his young hearers, in a passage which Ruskin would have liked, with his grim smile, to cut out of the newspaper to insert in one of his letters in "Fors" that "while in England we have 700 to the square mile, in Kenya there were only 11 to the square mile, and in Nigeria 50," and further that transport rates worked out at about 3 shillings and sixpence per ton mile where goods were carried, as they used to be, on men's heads, while animal transport cost about 1 shilling, motor transport ninepence and—what a wonderful vista for the carriers and donkeys!—railways only 1½ pence per ton mile, a table of prices which is the more illuminating of sound economics when you bear in mind that out of the 1½ pence of railway rates the foreign capital invested in building the railroads

and the officials administering the railway will take a definite if modest share of profit or earned income, while the whole of the from 1 to 3½ shillings cost went to the donkeys and the men who carried the goods, sometimes, as Mr. Ormsby Gore pointed out with great force of argument, at the danger of their lives.

It was, of course, from another point of view that the Bishop of Sierra Leone looked at the African problem as it presented itself to the European administrator. His cure is of the souls and in this domain the much disputed question of the education of the black man and of the guidance of the white man arises. Is it a literary education or vocational training which is most urgently needed in the interests of the community, as well as for the benefit of the individual? Is the vernacular to be used and even to be tended with all possible care or should the education be European in letter as well as in spirit, trying to make good citizens of the great mother country out of the black babes of the Senegal, as the French system would have it? The Reverend Bishop tried to build a half-way house between the two. It was pointed out, he is reported to have said, that in the past the emphasis in the higher schools had been laid mainly on a literary education and while today the missionaries would gladly meet the government educational authorities in their insistence on vocational training, many an African parent in the coast towns demanded a classical education for his son. A somewhat similar problem arose in connection with the use of the vernacular. No educationist could feel that it was satisfactory entirely to discard it and the heritage of the past which was bound up with

it, but in the coast towns English held the field, a state of things which does not seem very satisfactory as it would seem to point to a future class distinction between the English speaking and Europeanized inhabitants of the coast towns and the people of the hinterland, Christians, too, maybe, and probably better workers, and infinitely better sons of Africa than their kinsmen with the classical education, but socially the lower class and therefore of less direct value to the community as a whole.

But let us then hear finally what the Governor of the country in the very heart of Africa has to say. "Sir John Chancellor, referring to the development of the African native races, said he believed that the development would revolutionize our social and political relations with them. It was now admitted by men of all parties that in our African colonies we are the trustees of the backward primitive races, and that it is our duty to promote their moral and material welfare. We must endeavor to set them free from the terrors of witchcraft which blighted their lives and raise them above the state of degradation in which they lived by inculcating them with the principles of the Christian religion. We did not desire to make them a poor imitation of white men with our faults and weaknesses grotesquely exaggerated, we did not necessarily desire to make them abandon what was good in their tribal customs or to relax the strong semi-socialistic limitations imposed on the pursuit of private interests by considerations of public good."

So far there is, as Sir John Chancellor says, agreement, and we can only wish that this may be true and that the Under Secretary for the colonies, with

his rather discordant views about the advantage of African colonies for European countries suffering from unemployment and overpopulation, was not voicing the best opinion in the Empire. But then, if we come to the application of the principles Sir John has enunciated, the difficulties loom very large. He took the segregation problem as an example and by eliminating both the policy of absolute segregation, that is, the prohibition of all relationship and even contact between natives and whites, and the policy of a fusion of the white and black races as both morally and economically unsound, he advocated a middle course not unlike the Bishop's educational compromise, and he, too, would select a group of, as he terms it, ambitious and advanced natives whose desire to emancipate themselves from tribal life and to count individually should not be refused. It would be to the benefit of those natives and of the European colony as well if they came out of the kraals to work on farms and mines, and to work, as Sir John took care to point out, under Europeans. But he agrees that this is no final solution nor even an attempt to find it. It is, to put it at the very highest, a *modus vivendi* for the present, and that, as the Governor frankly said, only where justice, sympathy, and a sound measure of common sense guided the action of the men who were at the helm of colonial government.

Now all-important as these two questions of the education of natives by whites and of the necessary measure of segregation between whites and natives may seem, when you take them one by one, it is quite enough to place them side by side in one sentence to see, at a glance, that you cannot, at least you ought

not to, treat them as separate questions, for your solutions would, if you did do so, very probably go one against the other, and where the one might prevail and destroy the other, it would, even by doing so, be deprived of much of its own virtue. You have to find a governing idea for the whole complex of the European policy in Africa in relation to the natives, and I am not sure that I have not taken a too restricted view of the problem in using the word policy at all, for the solution we have to find, if the African lesson is to be learned, must embrace every kind of relationship between the white man in Africa, be he the government official or missionary or settler or trader, employer or workman, investor or simple toiler of the soil, and the black native. If you have not got the right and lawful order in relation of master and servant, or teacher and pupil, or buyer and seller, or neighbor and neighbor, even to the smallest events of your daily round of duty and service, and of your healthy pleasures too, you cannot have government worthy of its name and you cannot have a trade of the only kind which is allowed to good Christians and honorable men. And this true order of things, great and small, can be established only by measuring every act you perform by a fixed standard of ethical value, and realizing, once for all, that you cannot serve two masters, but that by the one standard which you have to the best of your knowledge chosen for others to judge them and to govern them, you will be judged yourselves.

Now I wonder if you have missed something in all the reports of speeches about African policy which I have read to you. I think Sir John Chancellor used in his introductory remarks the word trustee, but

even he did not mention the idea of a mandate with which European countries were entrusted in relation to Africa and far less did the colonial secretary or the bishop. And we cannot console ourselves for the complete lack of any mention of this central idea in the speeches I quoted by assuming that the thirteenth of July may be a fateful day and that the mandate idea will be found again a little later on. I will ask you to look at the special number of *L'Europe Nouvelle* which appeared on the first of May this year. You all know, in fact, every student of politics in Europe knows, the splendid work this review is doing and how it helped to advance public opinion in Europe. You will find some of the most generous minds of France among its contributors. But you need only to look at the titles of this special number to know how the market value of the mandate idea stands today, seven years after it seemed to have taken the world by storm. It is "La France et ses colonies sont solidaires" by the then minister for colonial affairs, M. Léon Perrier, and it is "Nationalisons l'idée coloniale" by M. Albert Sarraut, Ambassadeur de France and former minister of colonies. It is "La mise en valeur des colonies" with the motto, "The war of 1914 disclosed the considerable discrepancy between that which the colonies could and should have contributed to the subsistence of the metropolis and that which they did in fact contribute to it," a motto which seems to indicate a line of development of the colonial resources which leads to a more efficient service for the next war. It is, next, an article by Senator Bluysen for a numerically stronger representation of the French colonies in the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate of

France. And it is, perhaps, most significant of all, a general survey of France's oversea possessions, "La France d'outremer," by that distinguished expert, Professor Demangeon, of the Faculty of Letters of Paris, who in conclusion of his article says:

"Our colonizing policy brings us face to face with other problems, too, problems of an international character. Colonies form, everywhere, zones of contact but also of friction with other great powers. We should be playing the ostrich's game of vainest fear, if we did not look out for these danger points; one must look ahead to be in time. Il faut prévoir afin de pouvoir," and then he enumerates all the possible conflicts—the Italian danger for French Tunis; Great Britain having an eye on Tangier, the French mandated territories in Asia Minor being encircled by the Turkish and the Anglo-Indian domains, 2,400 kilometers of frontier between French Indo-China and Siam, and neither enough barbed wire fence to guard it nor a pact of security guaranteeing it; the same lack of security on the Chinese frontier, and farther off, in the South Seas, the ill will of Australia, this most irascible continent, which did not give up its hostility towards the European intruders even when France, to conciliate Australian opinion, stopped sending her select brigade of convicts to La Nouvelle Calédonie. It seems, indeed, when you read Professor Demangeon's catalogue of colonial conflicts in being that it was a little premature for the protagonist of French colonial expansion, Eugène Étienne, to have said, as far back as 1904, in his preface to Mr. Lucien Hubert's *Politique Africaine* that, since the partition of Africa, a

period of silence has set in, "not that we had relapsed into the apathy of former times but because to an era of heroic adventures and glorious deeds of war the era of exploiting the African colonies had succeeded."

But let me say at once, in justice to these French views, that they were not the only ones, either in 1904 or in 1926, to speak of "le partage de l'Afrique." It was partition and *Aufteilung* as well as *partage*. I should not like to judge of another master's servant at all, but if I had to say whose is the clearest responsibility in regard to the future development of colonial government in Africa, I should without hesitation lay it on Great Britain. For France is blinded to the true bearing of the African problem by the paramount importance to her of the North African possessions of Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco, which are, I have to repeat it, Mediterranean or south European, but not African questions in the essential sense of the word. And above all, France has not had, in her equatorial African possessions, the experience of dealing with the crucial problem of eastern and southern Africa, a problem which is giving you the lie direct if you would pretend not to know what the mandate idea means and how it differs from the old conception of colonial imperialism. It is the problem which stares the English government in Kenya Colony and in the mandated territory of former German East Africa in the face and which, if you would try to ignore it, answers you by shaking the British Commonwealth itself to its very foundations, the problem of keeping justice between the natives and the Indian immigration, between black men and brown.

Now this is precisely what the European administrator has got to do and which, when he fails in his task, will undo him in Africa forever. Think what it means: with the handicap of his old age, with all the brakes of conflicting scientific opinions put on to slow down the course of his will, under the cumbrous control of accounts to be given and not a penny entrusted to his free bounty, and above all, *saigné à blanc* by the war in morals as well as in physique, such are the conditions under which he has to do what in all the strength of youth and in the fullness of victorious power the United States declined to undertake; he has to strengthen his hands till they hold the scales of justice even between Asia and Africa. And he has to do it without the guidance of a precedent. When the question of Chinese labor and later on the question of Indian immigration into Natal and the Cape and the Boer Republics cropped up, it was a comparatively simple matter. For the white man, be he Boer or Britisher or Afrikander, was the lord of the land between Zambesi and the Cape, and the black man belonged to him as one of his household, his *familia*, as the Romans would have called it, while the men from Asia were aliens only, *hostes* in the double sense of the stranger who asks for hospitality or the enemy who has no *locus standi in judicio*. And if such a one would dare to claim a place of his own between the white settler and his black family it needed only a sign from the host to have the servants chuck him out with a vengeance.

But not so in East Africa today. For the difference between the colonial of the old time and the European in a mandated territory or in one of the colonies contiguous to such territory is simply the

difference between freehold and trust, between a power which has no time-limit put upon it, and a power which has. The man of property—and I do not use the word in a deprecatory sense, for the squires and Boer farmers and landjunkers were, the most of them, men of good husbandry, mindful of the welfare of men and animals on their lands and holding themselves responsible to strict judgment for the way they used it—the man of property thinks himself an owner for eternity, his children and children's children continuing in his right, and his slave's children, too, in their duty towards them. But a trustee knows that the estate will pass from his hands to those of the infant heir when he attains age. His office has its limits; his thought must forever, if he is to be true to his trust, be concentrated upon his rendering what has been confided to him, and it is not only without envy that he sees his ward growing up, but he must take his pride in this growth and must help him, encouraging the younger man to learn in good time how he may become independent of guidance and may dismiss his tutor—and happy he who gets thanks when he is so dismissed!

And all this is literally true of the mandatory. I am not concerned with the motives which prompted the Allied Peace Delegations at Paris, the one to propose and the others to accept the idea of a mandate for the former German Colonies. It is even as with the League of Nations. The conceptions underlying these chapters of the Peace Treaty were far too big to be kept at a level with an arrangement for getting out of a war, even if it had been a better one than the treaties of 1919 are. I know one thing for certain: if the mandate plan has truth within it,

there will be no quiet by day or by night in the city politic, till its warning is heard. All colonial government, whatever its title may have been under the old, self-complacent régime, will have to act according to the mandate rule, putting the African first.

Whether you have to choose between the Indian rupee or the British shilling for a currency in Kenya or between Suaheli and French in the native schools; whether your Governor's order will have to close the European and their native servants' quarter at Nairobi to the Indians and put them in a ghetto, their citizenship in the British Empire notwithstanding; or whether it is the franchise for the Parliament of the colony which is in your care, a franchise based on constitutional rights of citizenship and not on expediency only, that you are looking for; whether you are drawing new frontiers or putting down old ones; whether your settlers, as they did under Lord Delamere's lead at the Tukuye Conference two years ago, ask you to forbid the natives growing any fruit or plant capable of being exported, and then to give the settlers of a defined area an exclusive right of enlisting native labor for their big farming estates which they could not dream of cultivating without such labor; or whether you find that the Bishop of your own great capital, in his capacity as chairman of the Native Races and the Liquor Traffic United Committee, has to protest against the meaning of the prohibition of liquor traffic in the Covenant being spirited away by an interpretation which would allow the liquor traffic as far as it was not an abuse—as if, furthered by European traders to the black man's cost, it could be anything but an abuse; whether you are to have state control over

the Rhodesia railway system, though it runs through five different countries, and though, according to General Hammond's report of 1924, the experience of Nigeria seems rather to indicate that great railway lines had better not be worked as branches of a civil service; whether you would, with General Smuts, who, by the way, seems a strange leader for such a movement, have the Union of South Africa protest against the British government's giving support to railway development in Portuguese Angola, thus connecting Lobito Bay on the west coast with northwestern Rhodesia, and make this protest on the grounds that the Union Railway system would be a loser in freights for goods going out from Rhodesia by a better and shorter route being opened up; or whether you should, with Prime Minister Hertzog, think that the Union was not called upon to obstruct a policy which could lead to the development of huge virgin tracts of central Africa—I could give a hundred instances of questions as important as any of those I have just mentioned—the administration which is responsible will have to find the solution for these questions on principle. The owner of the colonies will find his answer in the absolute character of property, and in his natural wish to get as much out of his property as he can. The trustee of a mandated territory will find another answer in the altruistic character of a trust and in his obligations towards those for whom he holds it.

May I remind you of the lesson Sir Frederick Whyte taught us out of the history of the constitutional development in India during the last years? Diarchy can succeed only where the governors wish it to be a complete success and where it is carried on

to a point where it will in the end supersede the older form of government. In the same way the mandates of central Africa will either break down or they will, in time to come, lead to a new and better form of relationship between a European power and its ward in Africa and will cause the old forms of colonial government to disappear.

It is not the supervising body which matters. It may be that the League of Nations will not only continue the present work of its Mandate Commission but will enlarge it so as to cover all the European possessions in Africa. It may be that a commission of some future federation of Europe will take this task over from the World League. And in either case, the supervising authority might find it expedient to send a Zimmermann or a Nansen or a Jeremiah Smith to establish sound conditions of government in a mandated territory where they are found wanting. But it may also be that—and this is in fact what I would prefer it to be—it may be that the governments of those states which today administer an African colony with one hand and an African mandated territory with the other hand, will have to let their right hand know what their left hand is doing, and that if their heart is in the right place and sends the blood of life quick enough and warm enough up to their cold heads they may become entirely left-handed and be mandatories in their old colonial possessions as well as in the territories which had to be disposed of in 1919, and with no other responsibility than to their own conscience. And this would mean that though the political administration might for many decades remain in the hands of a European power, all profiteering and concession monger-

ing would have to go, and the great problem of the distribution of raw materials according to the needs of European industry would have to be solved. And it would mean above all that in a colony as well as in a mandate the fundamental rule would be to put the African first.

CHAPTER VI

AN EUROPEAN COMMONWEALTH

IN an article on the present conditions and needs of Europe Sir Josiah Stamp said that we should have to go through three quite distinct stages of reconstruction. Recognition should be the first one, construction would have to follow, and then fruition to set in, but not fruition in the happy stage of the hardest work being over and only a mixture of heavenly blessing by sunshine and rain being needed for the fruit to grow red and ripe, but fruition in the stage which tries a man most severely. For it is, as Sir Josiah says, the stage that requires endurance and patience, and patience once again, because when you have put your scheme into effect it never begins to function straight away on the happy side; and this is indeed a very modest way of stating the difficulties we have still before us in Europe, even if we had really reached this last stage of construction work.

And when I consider how long this will have to go on, even in the fruition stage, I find it rather depressing to read in Sir Josiah's article that, in his opinion, looking at one European country—and it is not Germany this time—we were, he says, obliged to confess that this country does not seem to have reached even the first stage, that of recognition.

Are we really as bad as that? I am afraid I have had to say hard and even bitter things about Europe and about my own country too—we cannot help Germany's having always been in the midst of Europe

—and I would ask your indulgence for these, my concluding remarks, in saying a word of praise for the old country, be it mother country or *Vaterland*.

During the last two or three years Europe has done well. It has done so under great stress and under great provocation. It has done so while almost every government throughout the countries was, at one time or the other, during this period of the need for reconstruction, broken, torn, changed, destroyed. It has done so while, during all these years, the League of Nations in its Geneva incorporation not only failed to give any real help, with the one notable exception of Dr. Zimmermann and Mr. Smith's work in Austria and Hungary, but has itself looked for help, and sometimes in a very pitiful manner, from those post-war cripples, the governments of Europe. I do not blame the League and far less do I wish to blame the officials of the League. It did as well as, or perhaps even better than, anybody would have expected it to do. When they founded the League they bound it up with the war treaty; they separated it from the work at The Hague, and they then linked the International Court and the League together again, but in the wrong way. They chose the one place, as the seat of the League, in the neutral countries, which during the war was the fountainhead of the most venomous propaganda, the one place where a man's life, if he did not go in for the narrowest partisanship, was made a hell, and the place, too, where the war spirit was kept up in all its noisy ugliness long after the peoples who had given the best of their life's blood in the war had learned reverent silence at the graves of their fallen. And then, in the first years of the League's existence, when the ques-

tion of admitting Germany to the League came up, and the Republicans of Germany and all those who wished for true understanding and good will between the neighboring countries, sometimes at the risk of their lives and always at the risk of being tarred and feathered by the patriots,—when we stood up for the ideas of the League, those fathers of the League succeeded, against the better judgment of the Assembly, in turning the German government down and down again, till it hung on a thread only, whether the Republican form of government in Germany would itself break down under the insults and injuries heaped on its representatives and we could have been sure of one thing, that if it really had broken down, a shout of “We always said so” would have gone up in Geneva.

This is, I say it again, what the founders of the League of Nations did, and for this I would, if I were a citizen of the United States of America, be grateful to the statesmen who had kept this country out of Geneva during those years. And this same thing has taught us in Germany a lesson—for our good, I am sure, and quite providentially, but still a very bitter lesson to our idealism. If we had been asked to join the League seven or five or even three years ago, we should in all probability have sent a delegation of enthusiasts supported by a few professors who knew all the past, present and future literature concerning the pact, and could even tell you about every dash and every comma in the English and in the French text and whether it was put in by M. Tardieu or Sir Edward Grigg or perhaps even by Colonel House, and this delegation would have supported every lost cause and every Don

Quixote's errand on the agenda of the League, and made itself a terrible nuisance. But after seven years' waiting we have at least learned a few of the things which are needed for Sir Josiah Stamp's fruition stage. We know that by patience and endurance you can bring the great powers who, not so long ago, had scorned the idea of Germany's becoming even a simple, modest member of the Assembly, to offer her a permanent seat on the Council of the League. Our delegation will now, I am sure, consist of clear-headed, sober-minded lawyers and generals and old officials of the foreign office who know how to eat with their Geneva knives and forks and spoons in the right way.

But after having said this, I will also say that nothing, in my belief, could have saved the League itself from becoming what some, at least, of the governments wished it to be, that is, a vast and solid structure on which the members of the Council could stand and say "Veto" as soon as anything real comes up for decision—nothing would have saved the League but the help, and the great part of it quite voluntary, unpaid help, it got from hundreds and hundreds of men and women working for the world in its bureaus and its small committee rooms the whole year long. And may I point out that we had the same thing, perhaps, in the working of the state machinery of the different continental countries as well. I think we could not point to any one among the governments as the one who saw a clear, clean way before it. But I think, wherever you went, you found a host of strength even during the worst stages of inflation, in such a band of workers, young people, most of them, who did not care a bit

for politics as a game, and whose ideas about nations and races and the League of Nations and state governments might be inarticulate and even sometimes quite wrong, but who felt, every one of them, that the mighty voice out of the dark had called them to work, not for their own sakes and not during working hours only, but to work for work's sake, falsifying thereby every economic doctrine taught in all the universities of the world, and with a real mania for this one thing, to make good, because the other thing from which they had just emerged was so utterly bad. If they could have gone in 1919 and 1920 to the devastated areas in France and Belgium, how they would have worked to build homes for those whom the war had driven away—to build sanctuaries of peace; how they would have sweated and toiled, singing their old folk songs to give them a swing when they were tired, to set those fields in order and to plant the trees again which a decree of one of their commanders had cut down, and how their comrades' blessing, the blessing of the unknown soldier, a soldier of peace now forever, would have been with their work.

This was not to be. "The old gang," as Sir Philip Gibbs termed them in one of his great, courageous books, was still bossing the world in those years. We had yet to learn that European policy could, without its three emperors, be quite as headstrong and obstinate and above all quite as vain and pompous as it ever was in pre-war days. So the impulse which had set these young people going towards their goal of true reparation was checked—I should rather not say checked, because such an impulse, if it is genuine, cannot be checked—it was simply turned into another

direction, and while the reparation question was left to be made almost impossible to solve by the theoreticians of economy and international finance, the human energies of Europe went into Fascism, into the stabilization of the Soviet régime, and the formation of a great union of Soviet governments, and lately into the sentiment to which one of the old statesmen of Europe, but still a young man in his ardent passion, gave so remarkable an utterance in an open letter to President Coolidge.

This is what we have to reckon with if we consider the present situation in Europe. Even leaving out the extreme opinion of every kind of nationalist die-hard and of orthodox communist, the thing we have to reckon with is that our people in Europe feel that the possibility of doing anything of their own to settle the reparation question—or call it the war debts question—has been taken out of their hands. They may work and the result of their work may, by invisible and inscrutable forces of international finance, be changed into what one calls annuities and transfers, but they feel they cannot do anything in a direct way, in a way they can follow with their simple means of common sense. In the first instance, this was made impossible by the allied powers refusing to fix the sum owed by Germany as Germany's war debt. The man in the street believes you when you tell him that money payments across a currency border are very delicate affairs and that he must leave this to a committee of financial experts to work out as best they can. And this same man in the street felt extremely relieved and grateful indeed when this question was taken out of the hands of the politicians, by the financial experts, and took the shape

of the Dawes Plan. But still, this simple-minded person will tell you that after all, the transfer question is a secondary question only, and the principal question is the question of the principal of the debt, the question of the amount of his obligation and therefore of his final prospect of again becoming a free and honorable man who has paid off his debts. And as long as he knows that the longer he works and the more he saves and the poorer he lives, the higher his debt obligation will go up, you cannot expect him to work with a will and to save honestly for the benefit of his creditor. And then, in the second instance, after having stated to him as clearly as you can the amount of his debt, let him see again as clearly as you can make him see it, the way his payments go. He has grown very suspicious during these years. He has seen the profiteer at work; in fact, he has seen so much of the profiteer that he is inclined to take every kind of middleman and broker and financier to be a profiteer in the making. Do help us—everybody can help—do help us to clear away this suspicion. Do not say it is communism; it is democracy. Democracy asks you to let the people understand what they are working for, and if you tell me that democracy does not mean direct action, recall or referendum or initiative by the people, I will meet you half-way—but let me say in passing that true democracy, as Europe needs it, to me means all these things, means the democracy of the old Swiss cantons, and that, in my opinion, the justification for the new order of states in Europe lies neither in the treaty of 1919 nor in the principle of nationality, that is, the principle of every nation's having its own state government with a

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Chinese wall around its territory, but in the fact that only the smaller states can have this form of direct democracy, a government by the people for the people. But to return to my argument, if you tell me that democracy does not mean government by the people but government by consent of the people, I will meet you there if you agree with me on one point, that this consent must be given freely and with as full a knowledge of all the facts as those who possess the facts can give the people.

Let us have plain speaking in public matters, no tongue in our cheek and no self-complacency either. For one thing, it will help us to get rid of some, at least, of the evil consequences of good intentions, coupled with easy-going carelessness. We need this badly in Europe. One has not to be a professor of criminology to know this. If a man looks around him for a few weeks and makes a detailed note of every wrong he sees done, and makes a pile of those done intentionally and deliberately and another pile of those done by carelessness, I wonder if he would not find the first pile a nice, one-storied New England house, and the second a Woolworth Building, with the Flatiron on the top of it. It is ignorance which is the enemy much more than ill will.

But when I say this, I wish to imply that the worst of all enemies of humanity is he who flatters and feeds ignorance, the propagandist. We shall have to destroy him and his work, root and branch, if we wish our European house to get in working order again. We cannot afford to have him, just as democracy cannot afford to have demagogues. And I will say a few words about him presently, when I

come to speak of the central problem of European politics, the relation between Germany and Russia.

Looking into the future of Europe to me means looking for an ever better and closer understanding between Russia and all her neighbors, but above all between Russia and Germany. And let me say this quite clearly, that in my opinion Russia and Germany are neighbors, though it may look on the map as if those two great countries had no common frontier. Let me say that if—as some of the critics of the treaties of 1919 said—the new states to the east of Germany and to the west of Russia have been created by the allied powers not because of the nationhood of their peoples but simply and solely to separate Russia from Germany or, if you like this better, to separate Germany from Russia—if this were the true reading of the Treaty of Versailles I, for one, would say that there was only one policy for Germany as well as for Russia,—to smash the treaty as fast and as thoroughly as they could. I do not believe it is so. I believe that the Baltic states, to take them as an instance, feel, with all due pride in their sovereignty, that they are a bridge and not a barrier, and if Poland feels the same way, Poland will be a great asset to European peace.

But from what direction is any help for this understanding between Russia and Germany, an understanding which the people desire even more than the government, coming? I think we have a right to complain and I wish to use this right of complaining about the way in which every step to secure fair trading, equal justice, arbitration, and friendship between Germany and Russia is misinterpreted and suspected in certain quarters. We had an instance

of this when the Treaty of Rapallo was concluded and made public during the Genoa Conference. The manner in which it was done may have been wrong, though I do not quite see either M. Briand nor Mr. Lloyd George in the rôle of the naïve, trusting simpleton duped by those clever Germans rushing from Genoa to Rapallo and back. But the treaty in itself was an essential step not only for bringing Russia and Germany together but for keeping the peace between Russia and the western powers and for making it clear to them that if they went to war with Russia, Germany would not let this be a case which was judged beforehand and found to be a Russian aggression, but that she would reserve her judgment just in the same way as Great Britain reserves hers for the case of a war between Germany and France according to the Locarno Pact and just as every member of the Council of the League of Nations according to the statute of the League reserves its judgment on the question which of the two parties to a conflict is the aggressor.

Then the Locarno Pact has been followed by the Treaty of Berlin between Germany and Russia, a perfectly straight and open agreement about friendly coöperation, about equal justice for Germans in Russia and Russians in Germany, about arbitration for every kind of conflict and about friendly neutrality in the case of a war in which either of these parties was implicated without being in the judgment of the other party the aggressor. And at once a howl against this treaty went up in the same quarters, and when the text was published and they found they had nothing to say against it they at once said, "There surely must be

a secret treaty or some secret clauses to this treaty." I heard Mr. Politis speaking about it in this hall, a few days ago. If I remember him rightly he used an expression about the suspicions which had been aroused by the Berlin Treaty and added that he did not think those suspicions were justified. For once I will, with your leave, dispense with diplomatic language and will say that the people who started this talk had no suspicions at all, but that they invented every bit of it, and that their story about a secret treaty between Berlin and Moscow is a downright lie from beginning to end.

And this lie had been invented to cover up the fact that those very suspicions, the suspicions out of an agreement leading through the coöperation of the general staffs of allied countries right up to new war, had in fact been aroused not in France or Poland or Czecho-Slovakia by the Treaty of Berlin, but in Russia and in Germany by the treaties between France and Poland and between France and Czecho-Slovakia,—treaties which were concluded or at least published at the time of the Locarno Pact. Those treaties said that, if in the case of conflict between Germany and either Poland and Czecho-Slovakia the Council of the League of Nations will not find unanimously that Germany is the aggressor, France will, in spite of this, lend immediate help to Poland or in the other case to Czecho-Slovakia. And this promise of immediate help implies, of course, a previous understanding between the general staffs of the two countries, the coördinating of their plans of offensive against a country, which once for all is looked upon as the aggressor in every case of war. It leads to what we know was during the last

weeks before the World War the strongest force in favor of war. It places the civil governments of the allied countries even if they wished for peace at the mercy of what the Round Table in a remarkable article on the origins of the war called "the timetable of the general staffs," with the generals telling the ministers in charge that every day of protracted negotiation by slowing down the mobilization will make them responsible for an eventual loss of the war.

Those treaties, promising Poland and Czecho-Slovakia French assistance against Germany in a case in which the Council of the League had not found that Germany was the aggressor, and even in a case in which this Council may, with the single exception of France, have found that Poland was attacking Germany—these treaties had been concluded before the Berlin treaty. If the Berlin treaty had copied them word for word and had promised Russia the same kind of immediate help which France promised Poland, neither France nor Poland would have had the right to say a word against it. But the Berlin treaty did not follow this example. It did not promise assistance; it promised friendly neutrality. Neutrality does not need a prearranged mobilization plan. Neutrality needs only firmness of character.

It is out of the bad conscience of the Franco-Polish and Franco-Czechoslovakian treaties that the very same people who had clamored for those treaties to spoil the Locarno Pact had now to do a bit of *calumniare audacter*.

But I do not think it will help them in this case. I do not profess to know the attitude of the Russian

people, but I know the attitude of my own people. We used to say when we were speaking about the constitutional inability of the Germans for politics that in a crowd of twelve Germans there will always be at least thirteen different opinions. But I have seen this people, in the years of vigorous domestic strife, united, its sixty millions acting like one body, when the war between Russia and Poland was coming on, a war in which we held Poland to be the aggressor, and the French asked us to let their troops and their munitions trains in aid of Poland go through Germany. And we would be one again if it happened again. No royalists there or communists, no catholics or radicals, no militarists or pacifists. It is a case in which the will of the people shows, not, as in the days of an insult to the flag or the declaration of a war, as a fever spreading over the crowd in the streets, but as the considerate will of a working-day people who see that peace lies that way.

And I do not think that all the loose talk going on about Pan-Europe will change this conviction of our people in the least. I notice it has come over to the United States too. "The world," one of your weeklies says, "*logically* consists of five great groups, the British Empire, Pan-America, Mongolia—that is to say, China and Japan—the Federated Russian states and Pan-Europe," the twenty-six countries of Europe excluding Russia and incidentally forgetting all about Great Britain this time.

Now what, if I may ask, is the *logic* of the British Empire? If the logic of it is the English language, I am afraid there will be no help for the United States but to become a British dominion again. And

what is the *logic* of the Federated Russian States? In the first place, they are federated Soviets, not federated Russians. And if this is the reason—or if you like to do so, call it logic—of their federation, as soon as Germany or Hungary or Bulgaria or Esthonia became a workmen's, peasants', and soldiers' republic, it would evidently become a federated Russian state, logically, would it not? And where, then, shall we be able to find the logic of the holy twenty-six states of Pan-Europe? Apparently in the contention that Europe—that is to say, the ridiculous cripple of a Europe minus Great Britain, Ireland and Russia—is “to federate or to fall.” “Europe,” I read, “whose civilization was weakened by the last war and will be destroyed by the next one”—now shall we not consider this a moment before we go on? If by civilization you mean things like conscious citizenship, cleanliness of body and mind, a capacity to enjoy true works of art, broadening of education, due respect for science, and in general an earnest search for truth, it is not true that any one of those elements of civilization has been weakened and it is quite improbable that they could be destroyed by war. For those things are of the mind and not of the body—even bodily cleanliness is. If by civilization you mean accumulation of capital, reduction of labor hours by mechanical devices, flourishing of trade,—if you mean court ceremonial or diplomatic statecraft or intoxicating liquor, of course there has been a change, some of these habits having been immensely strengthened and others having been weakened during the war and after the war. But to base a federated rump

state of Europe on the fear of something similar happening again is building on quicksand.

And what if we build on the thing you spoke about, someone might ask, and trust the will of the two peoples who have gone through the school of defeat, the will of the German and the Russian people to find the way to peace? Is not this quicksand too, changing from day to day even?

If you really mean this, there is nothing left but utter despair. But I do not believe it to be so. I think there is no foundation to build on as strong as the innate goodness of man when you once have found the way to it.

I remember one of my old schoolmasters, a man who was down and out for one reason or another long before every schoolmaster and clergyman and professor in Germany went down during the years of the collapse of the mark. We liked him as even the wildest boys sometimes like an old man who to their imagination of manhood seems to be rather helpless, an unworldly child. And we listened to his long-winded, rambling talks, late in the nights, with many a brooding silence over his long-stemmed pipe, between the talk, till he would wind it all up with his *ceterum censeo*: Did I hear thee say, my boy—and then he picked the cleverest amongst us out for a special address—did I hear thee say that politics are a sordid game? Well, and if it is as you say and you take this as an excuse for backing out of politics and read Oscar Wilde—it was in the eighties and we had just begun admiring Dorian Gray and perhaps a bit of Pater's Epicurean too—if you take this as an excuse for backing out of it, I shall be sorry for having read Tacitus and Sallust with thee. If politics

are a sordid game today, you will have to make it a religious service tomorrow, or it will be the devil's day for all of you.

The devil's day it has been. But the clearer this old man's warning stands out. Politics have to be made a religious service for every one of us.

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